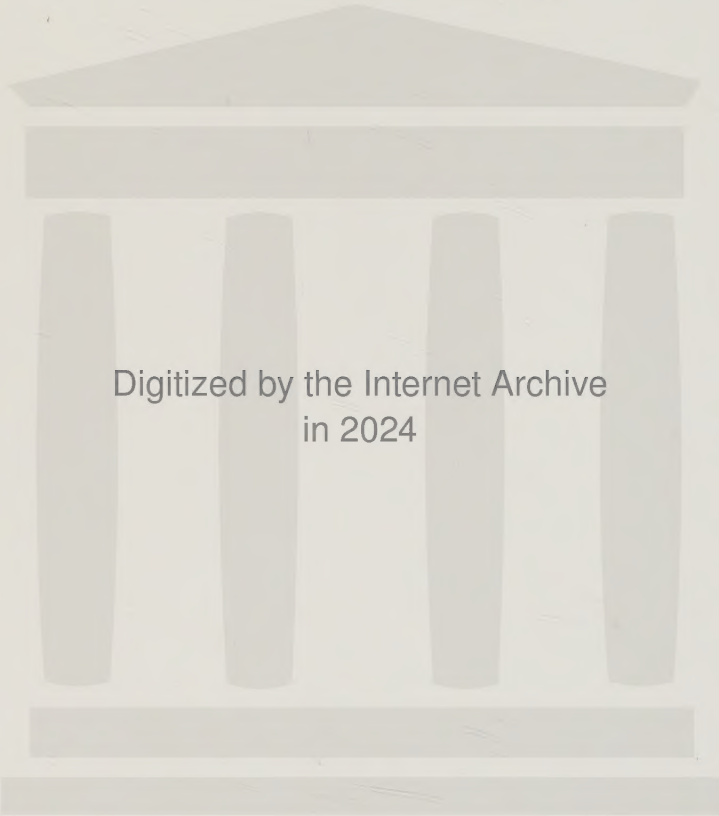


NEW MONOLOGUES
AND DIALECT STORIES; A
COLLECTION OF NEW STORIES,
MONOLOGUES, POEMS AND
ACTING PLAYS, PUBLISHED
FOR THE FIRST TIME

MARY MONCURE PAYNTER PARKER





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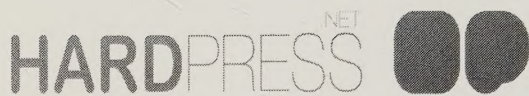


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ISBN: 9781290577762

Published by:
HardPress Publishing
8345 NW 66TH ST #2561
MIAMI FL 33166-2626

Email: info@hardpress.net
Web: <http://www.hardpress.net>

MONOLOGUES AND DIALECT STORIES

IN A NEW EDITION, WITH
A NEW PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR

BY
JAMES H. MONROE, M.D.
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

NEW YORK
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
1914

NEW MONOLOGUES AND DIALECT STORIES

A collection of new stories, monologues, poems and acting plays, published for the first time. Negro stories, Irish dialect stories, humorous, pathetic and dramatic recitations, child poems, bits of delightful sentimental poetry, depict every phase of life in this unique collection.

By MARY MONCURE PARKER

Author of

"A Day at the Know-it-all Woman's Club," "When Your Wife's Away,"
"Powder and Patches," "A Quiet Evening at Home," "The
Princess Innocence," "Love Behind the Scenes," etc.



PUBLISHERS
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

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By
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.

Printed in the United States of America

0C/4089116

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BEIN' NEIGHBORLY.



WELL, well, Mandy, you pore thing! La sakes! It do seem awful to have you layin' up here in bed sufferin' so with the rheumatiz jest at harvestin' time, too, when Hiram needs your help so and it'll cost so much to git an extry hired girl to help, an' Hiram havin' such bad luck too,—to have his best black horse die. There, now, keep under the kivers. What you jumpin' up fur? You hadn't heard it? Hiram didn't tell you? Well, it's true, an' the bay mare's sick. Troubles never come singly, do they? My, I sez to Job this mornin', Job, sez I, the Mason's is havin' so much trouble I'm goin' to run over an' see Mandy this very mornin'. 'Tain't more'n neighborly to ask how she is an' see if I can't do something, though, dear me, suz, I'm so busy I can't hardly get breathin' time myself, puttin' up fruit an' the harvesters comin' next week,—but I left John's wife to do the dishes an' tidy up while I come over. Looks like you needed somebody in your kitchen, land! it don't look much like it do when you're up an' around, Mandy—Hiram walkin' 'round your clean kitchen with his muddy boots—an' you allus so particular an' that girl o' your'n dawdlin' an' dawdlin' like she had the hull day for dishwashin' an' she's so careless. Do you know, Mandy, she broke that best chiny bowl o' your'n—the one with the wild roses that you bought to the fair at Libertytown las' year. Now don't git narvous, it's

done now an' there's no use worryin'. She had the sun streamin' in on your new red rug by the settin' room winder, but I pulled the curtain—it 'peared to me though like the rug had faded considerable. An' the children was in the parlor as I come by foolin' with the wax cross on the table—they had the glass kiver off and some of the leaves had dropped,—and the album was open on the floor. I said, My land, Mandy'll have shivers up an' down her spine if she knows it, and she sick, too. Dear, dear, things gets awful upset when a body's ailin'. By the way, Mandy, you want to be awful careful not to let that rheumatiz git to your heart—'cause you'll go like a flash, without a minute's warnin'. You know Silas Anson's brother's wife, she that was Mary Eliza Baxter, well she had a cousin that died jest that way. She was talkin' jest like you an' me are right now and she keeled right over and died 'fore you could say Jack Robinson. What's the matter? In pain? It's an awful painful disease. Sometimes folks gits so crippled up they never do walk straight agin. Don't you let it git fastened on you. What are you takin'? Suthin' Dr. Barnes give you? Why don't you have the new doctor to Libertytown? He knows suthin'. Dr. Barnes is gittin' too old. What, you've allus had him? Well, maybe that's why you've had so much sickness. A good many of his patients has died lately. I brought over some liniment. Jest rub some of that on your jints and I bet it'll do wonders. Mrs. Mitchell saw me comin' an' she called out to tell you that she had a uncle who had the rheumatiz pretty bad and he took castor oil and quinine. My grandmother used to use gum goacum and gin—a pint of gin and I forgit how much gum goacum, but it done her a world of good, but I believe she died not long after, come to think. Say, Mandy, I'm sorry you can't go to church at Barton Center Sunday—there's goin' to be a big funeral. Didn't you hear Milly Williams was dead? Yes, 'twas pretty sudden. She wa'nt sick

very long. By the way, she had Dr. Barnes a doctorin' her. That jest goes to prove what I said. Everybody I know is goin' except your sister Jane. Jane allus looks on the dark side of things and she said you'd been so sick, nobody could tell what might happen, and I asked her if that was the reason she bought that black calico with the white spots to Bronson's store, Saturday, and she only sighed and wiped her eyes. But don't you worry, Mandy, 'cause Jane allus looks on the dark side. My land sakes, what time did that clock strike? It ain't noon? Lawsy! dear me suz! I come over to help the hired girl, but I've spent all my time with you. Well, a body gits awful blue and lonesome bein' sick, an' it's pretty brightenin' to have some one to talk to. Well, it's quite a walk home an' so I'll jest run down an' eat with Hiram an' the children. I smelled berry pies cookin' an' it's give me an appetite. I would stay and help with the dishes but I must go back—there's lots of things to do to hum.

Now, Mandy, do hurry up and git well. I'll run over agin real soon and cheer you up. There ain't nothin' like bein' neighborly.

HUSTLING HI.

Of all the darn fool signs I know
In this world of work and hurry,
Is that blame motto stickin' 'round
That says to you, "Don't worry."

Why, you've got to keep a hustlin'
Just every single minute,
In this fast day of push and rush,
Or else you won't be in it.

The tramp don't worry, nor the man
That's always just a settin'
From morn to night in the corner store
On a dry goods box a bettin'

That he can run the hull blame show,
The government, finances;
The reason he wa'nt president,
Was 'count o' circumstances.

Of course it was, we all know that,
'Twas 'cause he couldn't hurry;
If you set in the wagon with the band,
You've got to WORK and WORRY.

A CHANGE OF FRONT.

"Miss Sofy Interviews Her Laundress."

"Good mawnin', Miss Sofy. Yes'm, I am a little late dis mawnin' 'bout comin' to wash, but I done had de misery in my haid jes' poy'ful. Yes'm, I'm subjective to dem alimonies. Yes'm. Runs in our fam'ly. But I say I ain't gwine to disappoint Miss Sofy. No, ma'am. So I come over 'bout eight. What's dat? Ten o'clock? Why, Miss Sofy! Lawd! Yo' all's clock is sho wrong. What's dat? Couldn't pay me fur a whole day's work? Why, Miss Sofy! Yo' all is sho gittin' as close as my ole man—and Lawd knows he hol's on to a dime till it plum rusticates in his hand. What you say, Miss Sofy? You want to come heah an' talk wid me dis mawnin'. Yes'm—jes let me wring out dis shirt. What's dat? De clothes looks torn? Does I puts anything in to whiten 'em? How you talks, Miss Sofy!

"S'pose I'd do sech a injustious thing? What's dat smell? I don' smell nothin' an' I got a right sharp smeller, too. Yes'm I has, fo' sho. Chloride of lime? In de clothes? What kind of a pusson does you think I am, Miss Sofy? What's dat empty tin? Dat? Oh, yes, I do rekomembers I done got some from de grocery to put down in de alley kase dar's a dead cat out dar an' I allus did have de mos' sententious nose. Kin smell any bad smells a mile off. I keep dat lime wid me allus jes' fo' sech purposes. Yes'm.

"Somethin' else you wants to say? Yes'm. Go on, Miss Sofy. You know I jes' loves to heah you talk. Your voice is so melodious. Don't you sing? You don't? When you talk I'd jes' swar you was a singer.

Yes'm. Yo mouf is pretty an' roun' an' rosy jes like a singer's mouf. Yes'm.

"What's dat? You's bin missin' handkerchiefs? Now ain't dat queeah? I thought I missed some myse'f las' week. Somebody mus' jes pick 'em off de line when I ain't lookin'. Maybe it's dat washwoman nex' do'. My line hangs pretty close to dat fence and some of dem niggahs is pow'ful light-fingered. Can't trust 'em nohow. No, ma'am. What's dat you say? Oh! What's dis stickin' in my waist? Oh! Dem's some handkerchiefs I'm jes' goin' to wash. I often puts 'em in dah fo' convenience. An' dis breast pin? Oh—I foun' dat stickin' in yo' shirtwaist dis mawnin' an' I was jest goin' to call you when you come down. Seem like dis heah min' readin' dat you heahs so much 'bout do sho have somethin' in it. Kase my min' an' yo' min' was sho runnin' along in de same circumlocution. Yes'm.

"How's dat? I didn't heah good? You know ever since I done had de tyfum fever when I was a chile de lef lobelia of my ear has been gone. Yes'm. An' de doctor done prognosticated at dat time, dat some day I war libble to lose de right lobelia, an' den good-bye to my hearin'. Yes, ma'am. Oh, yes'm, I understan's you now. You bin missin' soap. Well, now, ain't dat queeah? I jes' knowed dem rats in yo' pantry was eatin' dat soap. You ought to do somethin' fo' dem rats. Dat's one thing I brung dis chloride of lime fur to sprinkle aroun' fur dem rats.

"What's you sayin', Miss Sofy? Be keerful of dat lace skirt! Now de ideah of tellin' me, what wuks fo' de finis' fam'lies, to be keerful! Why, lace skirts an' fine clothes is my specialties. Yes'm. You looks so sweet in yo' clothes, too, Miss Sofy. Ain't ev'body kin sot off clothes as you does. No, ma'am. Some folks looks like de wrath o' Gawd whatever dey puts on, but you has de ve'y air of a queen. Yes'm. What's dat? If I talks less an' wuk more'! Why, ev'body knows I

ain't no talker an' dat I wuks my fingers off an' scrapes my flesh clar froo to de bone when I gits started. How's dat? You don't want me aftah dis week, an' you ain't gwine to pay me fur a full day?

"Well, I jes' gwine to say dat I quits right heah an' now, an' de nex' time I does washin' it's gwine to be fo' de bes' people an' not fo' no plain-faced, spindle-shanked po' white trash."

A LULLABY.

Oh, the soft little cheek that is pressed close to mine,
And the large eyes so limpid and blue;
The pink rose leaf fingers and dimpled fat hands
Belong, my dear baby, to you.

We'll not mind the storm that goes raging outside,
But I'll rock and I'll rock you away,
To that quaint, dainty fairyland, dreamland we know,
Where the dear little dream babies play.

I'll clasp, clasp you close, as we drift, drift along,
So safe from all fears and alarms.
Ah, baby, my love, see how strong mother is,
Why, she holds the whole world in her arms.

MAGGIE'S YELLOW DAGO.

'Shure 'twas all along if that yillow dago of an Eyetalian that it happened, and the saints presarve us, Mary O'Sullivan, it's Maggie McCarthy that's laughin' yit, when she thinks of the ludiculness of the hull affair, an' laugh she will about that same till Kingdom come. You see, my missus has been away visitin', and lavin' me to run the house for siveral wakes. Well, Mister Jones is a nice, quoit like sort of a mon an' it's his own business that he attinds to, but them byes is holy terrors! 'Tis not me they're afther botherin', for I told them, sez I, 'tis a sthraight tip I'm givin' you, that the first bye that meddles round the kitchen, or gives me sass, that minit I up an' lave, and you have no wan to do the cookin', so it's as make as Moses they be to Maggie McCarthy. Well, Mr. Jones is at work and the byes is at school all day, so I've things pretty much to myself until wan day in comes the yillow Eyetalian dago through the back gate an' on his head he had a tray wid some of them plaster statoos of indacent lookin' women and childer, some of 'em widout a stitch of clothes on, an's sez he, "Buy, lady?" "No, gwan 'bout yer business," sez I. I've no time to fool wid you," and very foolishlike, Mary O'Sullivan, sez I, "there's no wan home." "The Missis?" says he, "she be's out of town," sez I. Well, wid that he stayed and stayed and smiled and smiled the sicklinest grin an' said "pretty" to me, and "me luf you," an' sich foolish truck. I was mad enuf to bate his brains out, that is if he had any, which thot same I doubt. Well, to make a long story short, he came ivery day an' I was that sick and tired of the way he kept botherin' at the back

gate, that I thought I'd tell Mr. Jones, though not likin' to giv him thrubble, he havin' bother enuf of his own, God knows, wid them byes, whin I was saved the thrubble and all along of a divvil of a shape. Wan day, 'twas on a Saturday mornin', them byes, brought the quarest lookin' baste into the yard wid long wool an' the wickedest lookin' horns and the squint of the divvil in his eye. Says I, holy mother of marcy, pre-sarve us' phwat's thot? 'Tis a shape, says Bill. "A shape," sez I, "oh, you mean Mary's little lamb," sez I, sarcastic like. "No, a corset shape," sez Bob. "'Tis shure it's no corset I see on him," sez I, "an' shure you ain't goin' to kape the baste, fer if you do—out goes Maggie McCarthy," an' they begins to whadle. "Oh, Maggie, we'll niver let him bother, we'll kape him in the barn and tie him up," sez they. "He'll be atin' my clothes off the line," sez I. "No, honest he won't," sez they, "an' if you don't scold, thin pa'll let us kape him." "I'll see," sez I, "an' if he bothers, out goes him or Maggie McCarthy. Well, 'twas little work I did thot day, Mary O'Sullivan, for watchin' thim byes an' thot imp of a shape. Bill wud hold him and Bob stand by the side of the barn, an' would jump and tormint the baste an' thin Bill wud let him go and on would come Misther Shape and whin he got most up to Bob, the youngster wud jump wan side and the shape would nearly butt out his brains, if he had any, (an' thot same I doubt about shape an' Eyetalians), agin the side o' the barn. But by-an'-by, luckey for me an' my wurk, they got tired and wint away, lavin' Misther Shape in the barn. Well, Mary O'Sullivan, I was stirrin' up my Sunday cake whin who should come into the yard but the yillow Eyetalian dago wid the tray of indacent, images on his head and a foolish grin on his face. "Pretty lady, buy?" sez he. "Gwan 'bout your business," sez I. "Luf you," sez he. "I'll knock the head off you," sez I, very ladylike, but emphatic, an' just thin, what do you think, Mary O'Sullivan, the barn door

bursts open and out comes that corset shape. The dago stood lookin' at me wid his back to the barn and his fate wide apart to balance his tray, an' before he knew what had happened him that shape had run bechune his legs an' there he was astraddle of the baste wid a face on him as white as a shate, instid o' yillow. Round an' round the yard wint the shape an' the Eyetalian, fur all the wurld, like them mirry go rounders at the park an' the indacent images flyin' all over the yard, for the Eyetalian was holdin' onto the shape's horns wid wan hand. Laugh? I wus doublin' up me sides, and the more I laughed, the more bad wurds wud that yillow dago say and they wan't in Eyetalian, either. Well, by-an'-by, Misther Shape wint buttin' into the side of the barn and off flew the dago on his head. Up he jumps and stood shakin' his fist first at me an' then at the critter until Misther Shape starts fer him agin, an' he grabs his tray and runs out of the gate loike mad. An' thot's the raisin, Mary O'Sullivan, the yillow Eyetalian dago don't come around wid his indacent images no more. An' it's the blissid truth I'm tellin' you this very day.

"THE LOW-BACKED CAR—UP TO DATE."

With apologies to Samuel Lover.
When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a racing day,
An automobile she guided and sat
Upon the cushions gay.
Though all sorts of rigs went spinning by
Bedecked with ladies fine,
Not one was there that could compare
With this charming girl divine.
As she sat in the automobile
The man at the gate, so leal
Ne'er asked for her ticket
But just stood like a picket
And looked after the automobile.

Sweet Peggy around her automobile
Has strings of dangling hearts
And Cupid from that juggernaut car
Sends scores of shining darts,
While she upon the cushioned seat
Sits mild as a turtle dove
With none else there, I do declare,
But the little God of Love.
While she sits in her automobile
Her lovers sigh and feel
That life without Peggy
Would be rather dreggy
As she sits in her automobile.

Oh I'd rather own that automo',
With Peggy at my side
Than a coach and four and gold galore
With another for my bride;
For I'd have to handle the ribbons
Which wouldn't be to my taste;
While Peggy could guide the blessed machine
With my arm about her waist.
As we rode in the automobile
What joy through my being would steal!
Oh my heart could but say
Thrice happy are they
Who court in an automobile.

A FASCINATIN' MAN.

Yes'm, Mis' Alice, I done come back from the funeral. Lawsy, honey, it was sumpin grand. Sam Watson sho did hump himself to get his wife buried mos' prosperous. Yes, 'deed he did. Look almos' like he sho enuf glad to get rid of her.

What's dat?

Well, Mis' Alice, I don't mean no harm, but you know Sam allus was a no count niggah and nevah had nothin' laid by. Tehee! Tehee! What am I laughin' at? Why a joke jes' come to me, Mis' Alice. It sho did—dat Mahaly am the fust thing dat Sam evah laid away. I 'spec de money she done earn fo' washin' was what paid fur de funeral. Why dey wuz five carriages—yes'am, five; and lots of silver on de casket—yes'am, and flowahs. Whoopee, chile! Stars and crowns, po' Mahaly didn't git no stars nor crowns either fur dat mattah, till she died—mo' like crosses done come to dat po' soul fur sho.

Sech moanin' an' singin' an' sighin' at de funeral—she suttinly went out of the wol' in gran' shape. She did fo' sho. Po' Sam! You know, Mis' Alice, I felt awful sorry fo' dat niggah. He carried on so an' seem like nothin' would comfort him. Yes'am, it sho did. Well, I couldn't stan' it, so I went over an' sot down beside him. Sam, says I, don't take on so. Mahaly am better off. In all probableness her wings even now am rusticatin' through the pearly gates. You know you wouldn't call her back to de world of sin and trouble. 'Deed an' I wouldn't, den, Liza, says Sam—(mos' too fervent like, it 'peared to me)—'deed I wouldn't. She am much bettah off—but I'm lonesome.

Think of de years I got to spen' all alone. Maybe not, says I, takin' his han'—I felt so sorry fur him—maybe not. Course you don't want to think of dat now, but dere's other women lef' in this worl', Sam.

But no mo' Mahalys, says Sam, holdin' on to my han' tight.

Dat's so, Sam, says I. She could wash and iron all 'roun' any woman I ever did see, says Sam. She could pretty nigh finish a day's washin' while I was smokin' two pipes of tobacco. She suttinly was a remarkable woman, Liza, and 'pears like I can't stan' de lonesomeness of de kitchen 'thout Mahaly wukin' 'roun'. Why wo'll I talk to, chile?

My heart wuz jes' a bleedin' fur dat bereaved man, Mis' Alice.

By the way, Mis' Alice, I'm awful sorry, but I got to give you notice I can't do your wuk no mo'! What's dat? You'se 'sprised? Well, to tell de trufe, Mis' Alice, I'm 'sprised myself. Dissatisfied? No'm, but I goin' to make a change. Well, it does seem kin' of sudden, but I'm goin' to be married. Yes'm, tehee! Who's de man? Well, Mis' Alice—you'd nevah guess—it am Sam Watson. I felt so sorry fur dat niggah that I dun promised to cheer his lonesomeness. What's dat—worfless? No count? Well, I know, Mis' Alice, I ain't gittin' no bargain, but you know I ain't as young as I used to be an' I ain't likely to pick up any gran' bargains fo' de rest ob de yeahs dat's lotted to me. Sudden? Yes'am, it do seem kinder 'sudden, but dis am a sudden age, wid telephones, telegraphs, an' all dem rapid transits. 'Tain't a time to let grass grow under de feet—no'm, I tell you. Makin' a mistake? Well, maybe I am. Dis heah world's full of mistakes—but I've made up my min' fo' one thing, dat I'm gwine to stay above groun' and let Sam have de fust funeral, fur he sho am a fascinatin' man.

"SOMEBODY JUST LIKE YOU."

'Tis sweet to think in this hard old world
There is somebody just like you;
No matter how cold are the other hearts,
There is one that is tender and true;
Though the path be steep, though the long way rough
Yet my faith grows strong anew,
And I thank the God who made us all
There is somebody just like you.

GEORGE'S SOLILOQUY.

. It ain't so awful fine to be a boy as you think it is, maybe—Gee, I allus used to think 'twas the limit to be a girl cause their hair is long and must feel fierce hangin' down your neck, and dresses must be in the way when you want to climb a tree or stand on your head—but then after all girls ain't allus in the way. Golly! there ain't no place for a boy. Aunt Miry says they'd ought'er be nailed up in a barrel until they was twenty-one. Well if they was, when they come out they wouldn't look at her cause she's an old maid and homely as the dickens, but I wouldn't let her hear me say that, you bet, or she'd have it in for me all right—that is worse'n she's already got it. You see, she'd like to get married all right and when Mr. Bob Wilson was comin' to call she fixed up to beat the band. Mr. Bob ain't much to look at—fat and bald and old, I guess—least he ain't a kid, I tell you, but I s'pose he's all Aunt Miry could ketch—an' she's lost him now. Well, Aunt Miry put on her blue dress and fixed up her hair—she ain't got hardly any of her own—with a lot of them little puffs all in a row like rolls or biscuits, and then she sat in the parlor waitin'. Well, finally she got sleepy cause Mr. Bob was late an' she laid her head back against the sofy back and went to sleep, an' the more I watched them puffs the more I wanted to loosen 'em, so I just slipped up and took out the hair-pins, and when Mr. Bob come in and spoke to Aunt Miry, she jumped up suddenly and the puffs flew off right at Mr. Bob's feet.

“Pardon me, are these yours, Miss Miry?” he said, pickin' them up and bowin'.

She turned about ten colors and said, "Why, where did those come from? No, those are my sister's."

An' I had to holler out from the back of the sofy—"Golly, what a whopper!" An' of course she went an' told Pa and I et my meals off the mantelpiece for a week after that.

I took one of my white rats to school the other day though I didn't mean to—honest, cross my heart, I didn't. I was playin' with the little rascal and he crept into my pocket an' I went to school and forgot him. Then all at once after awhile the girl in front of me jumped about eight feet and shrieked and ran to the teacher 'cause my white rat had run under her 'dress. Just like a girl to be scared over a little thing like that—and of course I got sent to the principal with a note, and my mother had to come and see about it. That's just the way it goes—a feller can't do nothin'.

The other day the bunch was in our back yard playin' soldier and all at once I thought it would be great to have eggs for dynamite bombs to throw against the barn—so we bombarded the other fellers—our side did—an' when Ma come home she was red-headed 'cause the side of the barn was all yellow from the eggs and she said eggs was 24 cents a dozen. She often gives me that much for candy but just 'cause 'twas eggs, she got mad. Aunt Miry said I was the worst boy she ever saw an' 'twas lucky I wan't her boy, an' I said you bet it was 'cause then I might look like her, and if I did, I'd go drownd myself and then Gee Whiz—I got another lickin'.

I ain't wishin' Aunt Miry no harm, but when she has her funeral I'm goin' to sit right up in the front seat and I ain't goin' to cry none, neither.

But the worst trouble I got into was 'cause I told the truth. Don't you believe that it's best to be like George Washington 'cause if you do, you'll get left.

This was how it was—you see Ma and Aunt Miry went to a party one afternoon and when they come

home, they was talkin' it over and Ma said, "How did you like Mrs. Brown's dress?" and Aunt Miry (she's allus knockin' everybody), she said she thought it was too fussy for a fat woman, and why did a person with such a bad color wear a pink dress?

Well, Mrs. Brown she come over to see Ma in a day or two after and I was makin' a kite in the sitting room and Mrs. Brown knows us pretty well so Ma asked her to come in there an' they talked over the party an' I went on workin', not payin' much attention until I heard Ma say—"You had on a new dress," an' Mrs. Brown says "Yes, how did you like it?" an' Ma said, "It's lovely" an' Aunt Miry spoke up an' said "Yes it is beautiful"—an' I was so s'prised I hollered right out—"Why Aunt Miry you know you didn't like it. You told Ma 'twas too fussy for a fat woman, and that Mrs. Brown had an awful bad color to wear pink."

Aunt Miry coughed and Ma looked cross at me and Mrs. Brown got up and said she had to go.

Gosh—'twas like a cyclone when she'd gone. Ma an' Aunt Miry both lit into me an' said Mrs. Brown was turrible mad and I'd made trouble an' all 'cause I told the truth like Ma allus teaches me—but I guess grownups don't allus do what they teaches little folks. I was sent to bed without any supper and all for tellin' the truth.

An' that's why I say it ain't such a darn great snap to be a boy as you think it is."

THE CANOE AND THE GIRL.

You may talk of football, skating or any winter stunt,
When it's snowing, hailing, sleeting and for fun you
have to hunt;
Of course it's awful jolly when in the dance you whirl,
With your arm about the waist of some dainty little
girl,
But of all the many, many things a fellow likes to do,
For mine there's never anything quite like a bark
canoe,
When you just go paddling, paddling, down some quiet
sluggish stream
With the girl that sits a-facing you, a girl that is a
dream;
Yet just as real, oh, yes, she's there amongst the cush-
ions gay,
And oh the thousand tender things you always want to
say,
When you're drifting, drifting down the stream, alone
just you and she
The world's a mighty dandy place, from every care
you're free.
Perhaps it don't just matter what girl is sitting there,
If she's pretty, sweet, coquettish, she may be dark or
fair.
Once on a time 'twas Alice with her look so sweet,
demure,
With her hair so quaintly parted and her eyes so large
and pure;
Sometimes I breathed soft nothings or hummed an old
love tune,
With her I went canoeing most often, when the moon

Was at its full. The river wound a thread of silver
light,
She seemed to fit this setting—well, I tell you, just all
right.
Then 'twas May, good fellow, with her merry, roguish
eyes,
And her laugh that came so often, yet 'twas always a
surprise;
For she laughed at stream, at tree, at sky, at anything
she'd see,
The way those dimples came and went looked pretty
good to me.
And life seemed such a merry thing, all dimples, rip-
ples, song—
Where everything was jolly and nothing ever wrong—
That I almost longed to laugh through life with merry,
cheery May.
I was very near proposing when there came—well,
came a day
That May no longer sat there, 'twas stately, queenly
Grace,
With hair of gold and dreamy eyes, she seemed to fit
the place;
A princess, I her vassal, her lightest wish to meet;
And though I sat there paddling, I was kneeling at her
feet;
Until a little later a thought began to shape,
That from continued worship there must be some es-
cape;
'Twas monotonous, 'twas palling, though why, I
couldn't tell,
And so I went canoeing with capricious, wilful, Nell,
Who kept my wits a-sharpened with her brilliant re-
partee.
Now mad, now glad, now sorry—never twice alike
was she,
Until my head a-whirling, I was glad when in her
place

There sat this other girl. I looked into a face,
Pretty? Yes, perhaps so. - Wise? Oh, wise enough,
When a fellow isn't very wise, there's just a lot of
stuff

That this old world calls Knowledge, he can worry on
without,

One can't know all nor half, there's never use to pout
For something unattainable, this other girl? her name?
'Twas just plain Henrietta. You think it rather tame?
I don't. To me it is the name, the dearest ever heard,
And she's the best and dearest girl—you think that is
absurd?

But then you didn't drift, go drifting down the stream
With this dear girl who typified your every boyish
dream,

Of what a sweet girl should be—not too bright nor
good

For just plain every day life, human nature's daily
food.

And somehow you'd have asked her as she smiled there
up at you,

To go drifting, just as I did, all through life in your
canoe.

ON THE SUMMER RESORT PORCH WITH JOHNNY.

Play there, Johnny, with your little pail; yes, that's a dear boy. No, not now, by and by mama'll go down to the beach and then you can play in the sand. No, not now—yes, after a while—NOT NOW, mamma said. Why? Well, because mamma wants to embroider a little while and talk to Cousin Maude. Yes, that's the reason. Run and play now, that's a good boy. Do you know I think that child is going to make a lawyer—he always wants a reason for everything. It seems so remarkable in one so young. He has a splendidly-shaped head, don't you think? Why, when he was six months old he was as large and as knowing as most children of a year. Look at that little Granger boy—they are just the same age, and Johnny would make two of him. He's such a stupid looking child. I suppose it's by contrast with Johnny. How do you like this pattern? Dainty, isn't it? I'm doing a whole table set. There goes that Kenton girl with that Bob Berkley again. I wonder if they are engaged? Well, if they are not, they ought to be, or else she ought to have a chaperon. Johnny, for mercy's sake don't make that noise. I can't talk. Well, mamma don't want you to throw your pail down and let it bump on every step. Go play further down the porch; there's a dear boy. Why? Well, because it makes too much noise. What's that? Won't it make as much noise down there? I suppose so, but we won't hear it. What's that? What's that? Won't those ladies down there hear it? Oh, don't ask so many questions. No, you can't. No, not now. By and by, maybe. No, I say. Candy is not

good for little boys. Why do I eat it? Well candy does not hurt mamma. No, not now. After a while, maybe. Oh, dear, dear, yes, I suppose so. Here's five cents. Get the stick candy. It won't be as injurious. Now, for pity's sake, run along. Do you know, Maude, that persistent vein in Johnny's makeup is really indicative of force of character? although it is a little trying sometimes—but I am very firm with him. Look, look, will you? Isn't that Mrs. Wellington Morse out there sailing with young Himes? That's the fifth time this week. Her husband ought to be here to look after her. If there's anything disgraceful it is to see a married woman running around with a young man. What did you say? The men are crazy about her? I don't think so. She's so bold—perhaps they like to flirt a little with her, but away down in their hearts men do not admire a woman of that type. Always dance with her, do you say? Well, MY husband don't. I told him not to. I heard she keeps a fan full of names that she uses every dance to make people think she's popular. Johnny—now just see what you have done—rubbed that sticky candy all over my embroidery, and look at your waist. The third clean one today. Dear me, run down to the other end of the porch and play. Maude, did you ever see such a stick of a child as that Granger boy? See how he tags Johnny around. What? You think he's a good child?—but he's just like a wooden Indian—no life whatever. I like to see a boy have spirit and ginger. Look—here comes Mrs. Johnson with another new gown. Isn't it absurd to come to a place of this sort and bring all the clothes you have? You think she dresses well? Gracious, how can you say so? Too flashy and gaudy, I think. Now, do look at the way Mrs. Smithson Jones' dress hangs, and doesn't she stand dreadfully. She's too busy writing papers for clubs, I suppose, to pay any attention to clothes. Must be awful to be tied to a woman like that. What did you say? Her husband

seems devoted to her? Well, there's no accounting for tastes. Why, Johnny, what made you come back? What's that? Those women sent you here? Said you made too much noise? The cats! The idea of thinking they own the whole porch. You'd know by the vinegary face on Mrs. Jones that she didn't like children. Run in and get your railroad train and pull it around the porch. What did you say, Maude? You heard them complaining the other day about Johnny pulling his cars around the porch? Well, I never heard of such cheek in my life. I've a good mind to make him pull it around the rest of the day for spite. What did you say, Johnny, love? Don't want to play cars? Want to go to the lake? Well, if you stay right there by the pier in sight of mamma, you may go. Keep in sight now. By by, dearie. Isn't he affectionate, the dear child. I guess he'll be all right. There's that old bachelor—what's his name—Maxly, on the pier fishing. He's cranky, but I guess he wouldn't let an innocent child drown. Here comes a machine. Oh, it's the Bailey's from the other side of the lake. Isn't she getting enormous! She should join the fat women's brigade. You know how those five or six fat women always stand on the porch corner for twenty minutes after eating to get thin—really she ought to diet. Can hardly get out of the machine. Why how do you do, Mrs. Bailey? Haven't seen you this summer. How well you're looking. You say you are growing fleshy? Why, I haven't noticed it. I think you are looking fine, Johnny? Oh, the little darling's well and as charming as ever. He's playing down on the beach now. Oh, mercy! Oh, heavens! what's this? Mr. Maxly bringing Johnny? Oh, my child, my child! Is he hurt? Is he drowned? What is the matter? Why don' you speak? What, only got wet to the waist? Oh, then, he isn't drowned—thank heaven. What did you say Mr. Maxly? Wish I'd look after him? A regular nuisance to everybody? How dare you speak like that? You

rude, cranky, old bachelor! It's lucky you are not a father. I'd pity your child. Come to mother, you precious wet baby. Oh, Maude, do you think he will be ill? What did you say? He's all right? Do you really think so? Johnny Black, when mother gets you in the room she's going to give you a good, hard spanking. Bring my embroidery, Maude. Do you know, I believe I heard that Maxly swear. He did? What's that? He said he'd like to spank Johnny himself, that he'd do it up right? The horrid, rude thing. No wonder he can't get a woman to marry him. I won't spank Johnny at all now just to spite him.

THE FACE IN THE SMOKE.

Oh say, I beg you, dear old pal,
Don't take it as a joke
If I tell you I can see a face
 Outlined against the smoke
That curls up from my evening pipe.
 It sets my heart aglow;
'Tis only there when I'm alone,
 Perhaps 'tis better so.
She's mine; she's mine, this dear dream girl,
 A prayer I do invoke,
That when she really comes to me
 It will not end in smoke.

PATIENT TOMMY.

One day I asked my muvver
To read aloud to me
'Cause I have to spell out every word
It's orful hard you see.

I was eatin' bread and milk
With my new cup and spoon
And muvver was a sewin'
So she said, "Yes, pretty soon."

'Nen I waited just the longest time
And asked her once agen.
She telled me, "Yes dear, after while,"
She couldn't do it 'nen.

An' 'nen I said, "Oh, muvver dear,"
An' she begun to smile,
"Won't you tell me which is longer,
Pretty soon or after while?"

SNAKES—THE SOLDIER.

Snakes had red hair and freckles the size of pennies, and a bath was an unknown luxury until he drifted into the Settlement House. Even poverty has its class grades, and Snakes had the reputation of being the tough boy of the city's tough quarter. His name was the consequence of the old law of "sins of father" or mother—the mother who was addicted to ladylike spells of *delirium tremens*. Snakes' father was an unknown quantity. If he had one he had never established any acquaintance with the gentleman.

Perhaps it was just as well, for Snakes found his drunken mother a care that preyed upon his young soul.

He was brought before Judge Bronson of the Juvenile Court one day on a charge of stealing. An officer found him with fifty cents trying to buy papers.

"I didn't swipe it from nobody," he said sullenly, "I just took it off the old one. Her was loaded and we didn't have nothin' to eat, so 'twas up to me to earn some dough."

Judge Bronson looked at the little animal before him. He was a man, just, wise, pitiful—kind. Behind the wolfish expression, the defiance of the creature whose daily life was on the defensive with the world against him, he saw the little white soul that would be white such a tiny bit of a while against the fearful odds.

The judge spoke kindly to the boy, as he might have done to his own son.

The wolfish expression changed to one of distrust. Snakes was too wise a little bird to be caught with chaff, but he understood when the judge dismissed

him, and shuffled away, half expecting his blue-coated enemy, Hennessy, to nab him as he passed by.

"That bye 'll wind up in the pen, yit," muttered the policeman. "It's only prolongatin' the time to keep lettin' him go free."

After the court adjourned Judge Bronson went over to the boy's home. Home was a misnomer. In the dirty, ill-ventilated room was a broken chair or two and an excuse for a stove. On a cot in the corner lay something in the semblance of a woman that muttered and groaned the gibberish of the sodden. Snakes with a dilapidated pail and rag was trying to mop up the floor with some idea of taking up the duties of the wretched creature he called "the old one" and who was responsible for his being.

At the entrance of the judge the boy sprang toward the cot and stood glaring like a tiger.

"You ain't goin' to run her in. Her ain't drunk now. Her's sick."

The judge took a chair, sitting down slowly and cautiously because of its dilapidated condition.

"My boy, I haven't come here to arrest your mother. I came to see you. I'm interested in you. You are just a little chap and before you may lie a long life, and I want to help you to make something of it. The odds are against you, but if you are a brave little soldier you can win out, and nothing is worth while that 'is not battled for inch by inch. Come over to the Settlement House tonight. I have a daughter who is going to sing. She is interested in boys. Will you come?"

Snakes shuffled his feet.

"Oh, de lobsters dat goes in der is tryin' to be dudes. Besides dey says I'm too tough and dey guys me mudder, dat is dey did, till I knocked de stuffin' out of two of 'em."

After some persuasion on the judge's part Snakes finally promised to spend the evening at the Settlement, and the great man who had time to temper the

justice of the Juvenile Court with "the mercy that droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven" went away, leaving the boy with a new feeling in his soul, half of wonder, half of distrust, that the strong arm of the law could rest gently on the lawless.

At half after 7 Snakes, timid, half afraid (for he was face to face with his old enemies of "de gang," who considered him in the light of a pariah) stood shuffling uneasily at the door of the audience room. He was ready to leave at the slightest excuse, but he had promised, and even Snakes had some idea of his "word."

The judge was there, however, and took the boy's hand. And then Snakes saw her—the blue-eyed angel in white. The judge said it was his daughter, but no common human being ever looked like that.

There was a chromo in the window of Dutchy's saloon of an angel with white robes and big white wings (although the incongruity of an angel in Dutchy's saloon did not strike Snakes) that was a "dead ringer for dis goil."

And the way she sang—why, he could hear every word. Things about spring and flowers and brooks; why, it just made a fellow want to go a fishin' and yet to cry, too.

Miss Annie, that was her name, paid lots of attention to Snakes, and she made him promise to come again.

He did come again and again. His freckled face was washed and his hair brushed after a fashion.

He acquired a paper route and had an occasional bit of silver in his pocket that did not have to go for immediate needs.

"Me an' Rockyfeller is gettin' to be de main pushes of dis here country," he said one day, with a wink.

True, she kept him drained, but no amount of persuasion would make him leave her.

"Her's allus down in the mouth after dem soaks and her ain't got nobody but me. I guess I'll stick all right, all right."

The boy fairly worshipped "Miss Annie." He endured even the lectures and various entertainments that were part of the civilizing influence of the Settlement, together with the clean face and hands process, in order to be near her.

Judge Bronson sat in his cosy library reading one night when the maid announced a caller. "Please, sir, it's a queer little chap; he says he isn't a beggar and he must see you."

Before the judge had time to reply, "Snakes" stood at the door.

"Excuse me, yer honor, but I was afeard you'd turn me down, not knowin' it was me, and I had to see you on business." Snakes looked important.

"Oh, how are you Tim,"—"Snakes" was used now by only a few of the old gang—the judge said, rising and shaking the boy's hand. "Come in and sit down."

For the first time the boy seemed to notice the red-walled room with its warm, rich draperies and ebony furniture.

Books—he had never seen so many in his life. Very gingerly he sat upon the edge of a great armchair, then gaining confidence he gradually worked himself into its luxurious depths, drawing a long breath of satisfaction as he did so. -

"Gee, this fits a feller's spine all right, all right," he said presently.

The judge looked over the top of his glasses.

Well, Tim, this is the first time I've been honored by a visit from you."

The boy sat up.

"Yes, yer honor, an' I must tell yer quick what I come for. You know de guy that's called two-fingered Bill, what's done time in de Bridewell once or twict? An' de feller dey calls Sluggsy? Well, I heard 'em plannin' to slug yer—to lay yer out cold tonight, because you sent up two-finger's brudder—him what said he was only fifteen because he was small and you

found out he was twenty. They said Miss Annie was goin' to a party and you was goin' after her, and they said you'd never get dere. You look like you didn't believe me, judge, but this is all straight goods I'm deliverin' to you."

"Tim, you're a brick, and I do believe you. I want to thank you for the warning and the good will. You're going to win out, my boy, in the struggle for good citizenship. Wait, don't leave just yet," as he touched a bell, "I'm going to have some hot coffee and some sandwiches and cake. I want you to lunch with me and we'll have a chat."

Snakes leaned back again in the great arm-chair and did not envy even "Rockyfeller."

The cake was something to remember, a thing of joy forever, and the hot coffee warmed his very vitals.

But by and by, even Snakes had an idea of the fitness of things, and he made his adieu and trotted out into the night and shadow, where his little life belonged.

But Snakes had had a taste of luxury and he fingered the dime in his pocket with a longing for further indulgence. Could he afford to peep into the museum? It was heads or tails, and the spinning coin decided. Snakes went to the museum and made a night of it. It was late when he reached the foot of the rickety stairs and dark as pitch.

It was just as the boy started to climb the steps that some one grabbed him.

"You will peach, will yer, you red-topped sneak? We follered you and we know yer dirty ways." And before he had time to answer a blow on the head knocked him into unconsciousness.

When Snakes opened his eyes he was in a long, white-iron bed, and he lay, for the first time in his life, between clean sheets. The sensation was so novel that he could only wonder if he had died and gone to heaven. Yes, it must be, for there were flowers—roses, and there was an angel's face and an angel's touch—Miss Annie was here in heaven with him.

"Is dis de pearly gate what you told me of?" he whispered.

"No, Tim, this is the hospital. You've been ill, and you must be very, very quiet," the soft voice answered.

"Sing," he whispered, and at the nodded permission of the nurse Miss Annie sang, and the boy lay with closed eyes.

When he opened them again the judge stood at the foot of the bed.

The boy smiled.

"They—didn't—slug—yer," he gasped out, brokenly.

"No, Tim, my little soldier," the judge replied, but the boy had lapsed into unconsciousness.

There was a change when he again opened his eyes.

The ward doctor came and took hold of the boy's wrist and leaned down to listen to his heart beat.

He shook his head at the young girl's anxious look.

Snakes' blue eyes roamed from one to the other. He saw the gravity on the faces about him.

"Am I goin' to croak, yer honor?"

Judge Bronson sat on the edge of the cot and took the boy's hand.

"Tim, do you understand what I say?"

The boy nodded.

"There comes a time to each one when the call comes. To some early, to some late, then the fight is done. Are you brave? The call has come. You have fought a good fight and the Master needs you."

"Him—what—you said—was hung—on the cross?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, her ain't got nobody left."

"I'll look after your mother, Tim."

A peaceful look came into the pinched face.

"Sing," he whispered again.

And as Miss Annie sang the judge murmured brokenly, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

And ere the sun had set the little soldier had gone out by way of the Cross into the Great Beyond.

A SPRING SONG.

The spring has come, the spring has come,
Dear heart, be of good cheer,
How do I know it? Listen, love,
The organ-grinder's here.

The spring has come—the spring has come,
My heart bursts forth in rhyme,
See, mother's head is swathed in white,
'Tis spring—house-cleaning time.

The spring has come, the spring has come,
Come play the pipes of Pan!
There's every sign of glorious spring,
Behold! The mover's van.

AT THE RECEPTION.

Heavens! Look at the line of carriages! I knew she'd ask everyone she ever heard of to this reception. They've been so crazy to get on the Lake Shore Drive that I'm glad they've succeeded at last. There's Mrs. Strainer—of course she'd come. Wonder where she got the machine? Oh, I see, she's with the Everson Booths—must have called them up and hinted awfully strong. That's a way she has just before any swell function—calls up friends with machines and asks if they are going. Isn't that nerve for you? I suppose that's why Mrs. Booth didn't ask me. I called up quite incidentally to ask her how she was feeling, but she didn't say anything about it. That old cat got in ahead—I mean—what am I saying?

Oh, for pity's sake, if there isn't Mrs. Crushington Crush. Well, how in the world did they get her to accept? It must be curiosity on her part, because she tries to be so very exclusive. What did you say? Didn't I send her a card to my reception? Why, yes, but I believe she was ill or something. I didn't really care to have her come—she's too airy to suit me.

Well, here we are at last. Look, the servants are in livery. Isn't that a come-up from the old side street house and the one hired girl when I first knew them? Well, they haven't spared any expense. Look at the flowers—two orchestras—that's a vulgar display, I think. What's that? The house is beautifully furnished? And this boudoir is exquisite? Oh, I suppose so—but anyone can have a man come in to decorate if one only has the money. Let's look around a little. I suppose this is Bessie's room—rose and white.

Well, all the rose and white in the world won't make Bessie pretty and attractive. Now, my Mabel would look like a dream in this room, with her dark hair and brown eyes. What's that? You don't mean to say you think Bessie pretty? Why, where are your eyes? It was really fortunate that Mabel was out of town, as she always makes Bessie look so small and insignificant. This hall has an oriental corner—there's nothing very new about that idea. What's that? Maybe they like it? Maybe—but—while they were doing it up, it might have been the very latest wrinkle. Well—let's go down.

How do you do, Mrs. Johnson? Very well, thank you. For Heaven's sake, look at that sheath skirt. It is vulgar, I think. Can you see the back without appearing to look? You like it? Well, not for mine. What? She has a fine figure? Most any one could have who made a martyr of herself to tight clothes the way she does. Well, let's hurry to the drawing room. How do you do, Mrs. Reacher? Isn't it a lovely day? And how charming your new home is—all in such exquisite taste, but then, of course, I knew your home would be—we were just speaking of it as we drove up—of how we knew that everything would be lovely and just right. Where's your dear Bessie? Oh, I see, there by the frappé bowl in the library and looking as fair and dainty as ever. I regret so much that Mabel could not come and assist, as you so kindly asked her. They make such decided and stunning foils for one another. One sets off the beauty of the other. Well, I must not keep away the other guests. We'll drift along. Goodness—what a crush. I can hardly breathe and I know my gown will be torn before I get away. I wonder how they got all the men to come as long as Mr. Reacher isn't receiving, too. Oh, he couldn't come, of course. He'll have to grind awhile to pay for all this, I tell you. What did you say? They are mostly young men and Bessie's popular? I never thought it. There's

Gordon Lennox talking to Bessie. Isn't he a handsome fellow and a great catch? But she needn't set her cap for him. My Mabel could tell a thing or two if she wanted to. He fairly haunts our house. I'll run over and speak to Mrs. Crushington Crush—just a minute, dearie. What's that? Gave me an icy bow and turned her back? Not any more than I did to her. It was only as a matter of form that I was going to speak, anyhow. She's a terrible strainer. I've heard she used to be a nurse maid when she was a girl and I got it very straight, too. You know a person like that always tries to be more top-lofty than anyone else.

Let's go to the dining room. Good gracious—did you ever see such a mob—the way women will push and crowd for a little refreshment. When we get it, it won't amount to anything, but I want to see the dining room. There's Mrs. Briggs over there. Did you ever see anything like that coat? Isn't it unbecoming? Suppose she didn't have a new gown so she effects her coat and furs.

There's Julia Smithson—don't look as though she'd just been through the divorce mill, does she? Well, I'd be a little less in evidence, I think, don't you? Mercy, I wonder if those people in the dining room are going to camp there for the rest of the afternoon. What! There are two seats? Thank goodness! Same old American beauty table and rose red ribbons. Nothing very new about that. You think it is lovely? I like something novel myself. What do you think of that? Salad or an ice? When I received I had both, two courses. There's too much oil in this salad, don't you think?

There's Marie Skinnem. It ought to be Skinny. My goodness, what a wreck she is! Why, that girl's been out for the past ten years and been trotted all over this country and Europe, but her mother can't get rid of her. Well, we'll be a little more considerate than some people. Let's go up and give some one else

a chance. How do you do? Yes, very well, thank you. Oh, lovely—Yes—It's all charming. How do you do! How do you do! Goodness, I'm glad I'm out of that mob. Let's stand here a minute—where we can breathe. That music's too loud. It makes my head ache. Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Langley? Yes, everything is lovely. What's that? Have I heard the news—Bessie Reacher is engaged to Gordon Lennox? Announced in the paper? No, I didn't see it. No—goodby.

Isn't she an old gossip? I don't believe it. Anyhow they say he's awfully fast. He's been hanging around Mabel, but we would never have allowed her to marry him.

Well, it's time to say goodby. Let's go back to the drawing room. We have had a charming time, Mrs. Reacher. Of course, it is not in the strictest form to say goodby, but I'm very informal you know, and then old friends like we are do not stand on ceremony. By the way, I have heard such delightful news of Bessie? Is it true? Why, dearie, let me congratulate you. It must be such a comfort to know that she is to be so happily mated. Give her my love. Goodby.

Heavens! I'm glad that's over! Did you see that foolish grin when I congratulated her? I suppose she's tickled to death.

Here's our carriage at last. Goodness me—I'm dead tired, and Heaven knows I'm glad it's over.

TRUTHFUL JAMES.

One night my ma had comp'ny come,
To Sunday evenin' tea;
She never knowed, but said they'd come,
Quite unexpectedly.

She smiled and said, "How do you do,
I'm orful glad you came."
But when she got alone with me
She didn't look the same.

Her forehead frowned, her eyes looked cross,
She cried, "Oh, deary me—
Whatever will I give those folks
For Sunday evenin' tea."

At last she scurried round a bit,
Some chicken fixed so nice,
Then fried some 'taters just as brown—
I tasted of a slice.

But ma said: "Stop, don't touch a thing,
For more you must not ask;
To make it go around to all
Will be a dreadful task."

And then she did the queerest thing,
When all the food was ate;
She said so sweet, "Do have some more,
Please let me fill your plate.

There's plenty in the kitchen,"
"Why, ma," I had to call—
"You know you said 'twas lucky
If it went around at all."

LILLY BELL'S 'FINITY.

"Dah ain't no use a talkin', Liza Johnsing, dis am a queeah worl' we're livin' in, 'deed an' it am, chile. What am I a cojugatin' 'bout? Well, mosely 'bout Lilly Bell White. You see, Lilly Bell she used to wait on de table at one of dem swell women's clubs an' she was sort of an airy kin' of a niggah. She wore a black dress an' a white apron an' she didn't have much truck wid de washerwomen and scrub ladies in de neighborhood. Well, she married Rastus White—he was a waitah in one of dem fust-class restaurants an' dey puts on lots o' style an' Lilly Bell she seemed happy 'nuff until all of a sudden I noticed a change in her. I noticed dat every time I went over to see Lilly Bell she was settin' roun' moonin' an' lookin' kinder like a sick calf. I says to her, 'Lilly Bell, look a heah, what in de name of common sense am de mattah wid you, niggah?' 'Clementina,' says she, 'I'm a mighty onhappy woman.' 'Why fur?' says I. 'Well, Clementina, I'm gwine to tell you sumpin' confidentially. Rastus White an' me ain't suited to each other—he ain't my 'finity.' 'Fo' de Lawsy sake, what am a 'finity?' says I. You know, Liza Johnsing—tehee—I clar foah gracious I didn't know ef it was sumpin' to eat or sumpin' to wear.

"Why don't you know nothin', Clementina? It am a soul mate.' 'Am you a speakin' 'bout feet?' says I. 'Go on wid yo' foolishness, Clementina, you ain't got no sentimentiousness 'bout you. A 'finity am a pusson wid tastes an' ideahs jes like your'n.' 'Well, what am de mattah wid Rastus?' 'Mattah? Ev'ything de mattah. I loves music an' ef a hand organ comes anywhere aroun' Rastus he has a fit—an' as fur poetry—

why ef I reads poetry to him he goes to sleep. I tell you I ought to have married a man dat has some kin' of a soul.' 'Well, it's too late now,' says I. 'Didn't you promise "till death do you part?"' 'Yes, Clementina, dat am de worst—dat's what makes me misserble.'

"Well, Liza, she'd go on like dat until I got so tired of dat kin' of talk dat I jes' kep' away from her, and one day I met Rastus on de street. 'Rastus,' says I, 'how am you?' 'Oh, I'm all right,' says he, 'but Lilly Bell she ain't up to de mark.' 'What's de mattah wid her?' says I, to draw him out. 'Well, she am kin' o' col' an' stiff like—'pears dat nothin' I do don't suit her no mo'.' 'Rastus,' says I, 'you ain't her finity. 'My Lawsy, Clementina,' says he, 'what am dat?' 'Why, dat gal am plumb hoo-dooed,' says I, 'she keeps talkin' 'bout finin' out you ain't suited to her, an' ain't her soul mate. Yes, dat's what she said, Rastus.' 'Whoo-pee,' says Rastus, 'dat's de fust I hear o' dat kin' o' slush, an' what am I gwine to do 'bout it?' 'You want me to cure dat woman, Rastus?' 'If you would I'd be mighty powerful 'bleeged to you, Clementina,' Rastus said.

"Well, Liza, I went ovah de nex' day to see Lilly Bell an' I foun' her moonin' as usual. 'Lilly Bell,' says I, 'don't you know I feel mighty sorry for Rastus; he am such an onhappy man.' 'Who tol' you dat?' says she, kin' o' sharp like. 'Why, he am certain sho misserble. You know dat he feels dat you an' he am so on-suited.' 'Oh, you've been turnin' me over wid Rastus, has you?' says Lilly Bell, mad in a minute. 'He says you ain't his 'finity—he wants a soul mate, an' as long as you both think de same way, why I guess you ought to git mattahs justified between you all right. You can each of you clar out an' leave de other one alone.' Would you believe me, Liza Johnsing, wid dat Lilly Bell jumps up an' grabs me an' shakes me till my teeth rattled. 'You low down, no 'count woman,' says she, 'I'll teach you to talk to my husband' 'bout me.' I don't

know what would have happened if Rastus hadn't come in just then and pulled her away. 'Rastus,' says she, 'ain't you satisfied wid me?' An' den she bus' out a cryin'. 'You am de pride o' my life,' says he. 'An' you don't want no 'finity?' says she. 'I don't want nobody but you, Lilly Bell,' says he. 'Dis heah woman is tryin' to stir up trouble between us,' says she. 'Clementina,' says Rastus, 'you'd bettah go on home, 'case Lilly Bell's mad clar through.'

"Now what do you think o' dat fo' gratefulness, Liza Johnsing—here I was de instrumentation of bringin' dem foolish niggahs to der senses, an' all I gits is a shakin' dat's worse'n a chill an' a reques' to git out. Liza, ef you know of any married people what gits mad at each other, you jes' let 'em arraing der own differentiations, an' you can be pretty sho, Liza Johnsing, dat dat's de las' time dis chile is gwine to git mixed up wid any foolish woman dat's talkin' such nonsense as 'finities an' soul mates."

DO YOU BELIEVE IN FAIRIES?

Do you believe in fairies?

You don't? Well, then, I'll tell
I know of all the places,
Where the charming fairies dwell.

Once, 'twas in the Springtime,
When the lilacs were abloom,
I stood beside the branches
And breathed their rich perfume.

All clad in shim'ring dainty green,
Fays tripped from out the flowers;
With step as light as thistle down,
They danced away the hours.

And, oh, the music of that dance,
Like the tinkle of a bell—
Nay, nay, of many tiny ones;
I heard it, oh, so well.

Then, 'twas in the summer,
As on the grass I lay
Beneath a glowing rose-bush,
That the fairies came that way.

In robes of pink amongst the leaves,
With merry laugh and shout,
They climbed amidst the branches,
Scattering petals all about.

Strange to say, 'twas in the autumn,
When the woods were all aglow;
The fairies came in red and gold,
A fluttering to and fro.

And when from out my window
I watched the wintry blast,
Send whirling snow-flakes thorough the air,
The sparkling fairies passed.

They beckoned me so merrily
From out the drifting snow,
You don't believe in fairies?
Well I do, for I know.

“LEAH.”

It was the time of the Feast of Ingatherings. All Jerusalem was in holiday trim. After the busy summer season and the garnering of the harvest, the beautiful city was decked in her gayest colors to celebrate the joyous time.

Bright awnings stretched from house to house across the narrow streets. Booths made of the branches of trees were set up in gardens, on roofs and in the wider streets, to provide for the increasing multitudes that seemed hourly to pour in at her gates. In gay attire and carrying branches of myrtle, olive and palm, the crowds in long processions swayed to and fro about the streets. All night the lamps burned within the temple and thousands of torches flickering from shop and booth turned darkness into day. The fruits of the harvest lay piled in tempting profusion before the eyes of passers-by. Never had the city been more fair to look upon. But the gayety and laughter of the eager crowds found no answering echo in the heart of a lonely pilgrim, who stood viewing the busy scenes before him—a swarthy man with a sad expression in his dark eyes that spoke of inward sorrow, that knew no healing. When the lateness of the hour dispersed the crowds he turned away, reluctantly to his booth, but not to sleep, only to be in a waking dream until the morning hours.

And yet—but two short years before he had felt his cup of happiness full to the brim, yea, and running over,—when Leah, beautiful Leah, with her lissome form and angel face, had entered his home in far Capernaum as his cherished bride.

Oh, the days spent in the fragrant court-yard, within

the four walls of that low stone house, when, with his arm about her, he had felt that Heaven lay very near!

Pitiful dream! He choked even now when he thought of the rude awakening—when he entered that little home one day and found it empty.

If only she had died e'er her soul was stained with sin! The Great Prophet of whom he had heard so much of late—could He heal sickness of soul? The blind, it was said, He made to see; the lame, to walk; the lepers, He restored whole to those they loved. Was there a balm and a healing for his aching heart?

In the early morning hours he rose and made his way through the crowds already astir to the Temple. The air was sweet and deliciously cool in these early autumnal days. He climbed up towards the sacred edifice and a feeling of peace seemed to steal over him as he drew near. For a moment he paused and looked down upon the city below and then up toward the Temple. The walls were touched with glory in the morning sun and it was as if he had left the world and its cares behind him and was moving onward and upward into "Peace."

Suddenly he was roused by a voice near him, "Make way. The Master comes." Looking, he beheld a small procession moving toward the Temple. With a strange thrill he recognized the "Great Prophet" in the midst, and drawn as by a cord, he followed at a distance.

The procession halted at the outer court of the Temple and the man hastened his steps thinking that the Master was about to preach unto the gathering crowds. As he drew near he saw that there was a sudden, strange commotion amongst the people and two men, half dragging a wretched, fainting woman, pushed through the crowd, straight into the presence of the Saviour of men.

In an agony of shame and terror, the woman crouched at the Master's feet, her black hair falling, like a veil about her face, as if to hide her shame.

The crowd fell back a pace and the two figures stood out in bold relief—the Master upright, majestic, in his flowing robes, with a noble dignity of bearing and withal a strange sweetness of expression that tempered his lofty demeanor—the woman crouching, pitiful, an abject outcast thing. With bated breath, the people stood. Would the Man of Holiness blast this frail creature with a look? Would He spurn her from Him and bid them stone her, that she might suffer the penalty of her sin?

Silent the Master stood, only looking at them, and as He gazed one after another shifted restlessly and uneasily beneath that searching glance that seemed to read the very soul. Consciences, long since dormant, began to writhe and twist; half forgotten sins reached up like pointing fingers—not a man but tried to stifle some unpleasant memory.

“He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.”

Back, back, fell the crowd from that voice and that look. One by one they dropped away, leaving the two alone. Lingered, fascinated, the pilgrim saw the Master stoop and lift the woman gently. Not a word of condemnation did he utter—only the gentle command, “Go and sin no more.”

The wretched woman glided away. Her hair still fell about her face, but something strangely familiar about her figure caused the man to follow her as one in a dream. Rapidly she walked, but he overtook her, “Leah!” She turned like a hunted creature with a stifled cry upon her lips. For some moments they stood looking at one another, mutely, then he took her hand in his. “Let us journey home together!” was all he said. She drew back in horror.

“Thou canst not forgive such a creature as I?” And he answered her tenderly, “Did the Master condemn thee? What am I that I should withhold my pity from thee?”

And she suffered herself to be led away.

WHEN THE JIMPSON'S HAVE COLD MEAT.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimpson and young Jimpson, aged ten, sat down at the table one night for their evening meal. It was blue Monday and there was the regular wash-day meal, with cold meat sliced from the roast which had loomed up hot and juicy at the Sunday dinner the day before.

Mr. Jimpson unfolded his napkin and picked up the cold meat fork.

"Is there any horse-radish?" he asked, looking at his wife, with the fork poised in the air.

A little shiver ran down Mrs. Jimpson's back as she remembered that Mr. Jimpson had asked that same question for three consecutive Mondays and she had completely forgotten the horse-radish when she made out her grocery list.

"No, my dear," she said, very sweetly, with not a look that showed her inward perturbation.

Mr. Jimpson's lips closed in a thin line. He laid down the cold meat fork—sat still a moment, then pushed back his chair and went down into his pocket.

"Here," he said to Jimmy, in a tone that made the boy start guiltily, for Jimmy always had a few things on hand for which he might be punished, and he was wondering what particular misdemeanor his father had discovered. Was it the broken pane of Jones' basement window, or the last difficulty with his patient school teacher?

"Here," said Mr. Jimpson again, handing the boy a half a dollar. "You take this and go to the store and get some horse-radish."

Now, Mr. Jimpson had never been in a grocery store more than once or twice in his life. He knew nothing

about the price, variety, style or size of anything in the grocery line, much less horse-radish. Every day he sallied forth to his office in the city where he dealt in stocks and bonds, and whether horse-radish came in barrels or bottles—whether it cost much or little, he really had not observed and did not know. He only knew he wanted horse-radish and he would teach Mrs. Jimpson a lesson.

As Jimmy took the half a dollar Mr. Jimpson thought he detected a faint look of amusement on his wife's face. Probably that was not enough money, but he would not ask.

"Here, Jimmy," he said, in a tone that made the boy jump guiltily again, "give that back to me," and he went down into his pocket again and drew out a two dollar bill. "You get enough. We'll have horse-radish for a while. You get enough, and hurry up."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, meekly, and started away on the run.

Silence reigned at the Jimpson table during Jimmy's absence. Mrs. Jimpson munched a bit of bread and butter and her husband read the evening paper. The delicatessen was just around the corner, so Jimmy returned in a comparatively short time. Mr. Jimpson was seated with his back to the hall that led to the front door, but Jimmy's mother could see him coming. She had to make every effort to control her laughter. On came Jimmy with a bundle nearly as big as himself. When he reached his father's side, Mr. Jimpson looked up. His look of amazement was involuntary.

"Now, what the dev—what the deuce have you got there?"

"Horse-radish," said Jimmy, opening the bundle and beginning to take out bottle after bottle.

"Horse-radish?" gasped Mr. Jimpson.

"Yes, sir, that's what you said to get—horse-radish."

"Well, I didn't tell you to buy out the store. You ought to have a little horse sense."

"You said to get plenty." said Jimmy, beginning to cry.

"That's right, cry like a baby. If I hadn't more judgment than you have at your age—I'd—. Here, we'll keep three bottles of this, so we'll always have some on hand," Mr. Jimpson added sarcastically, "and you take the rest back to the store and get your money back."

Jimmy gave a tearful, regretful glance at the waiting dinner and started out again. As he reached the front steps his foot tripped and the bottles of horse-radish went crashing out of the bundle on to the stone steps.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimpson rushed to the door.

"Oh, Jimmy, dear, are you hurt?" cried his mother anxiously.

"Yes, ma'am," Jimmy wailed, thinking it wiser to claim injury in the hope of escaping a scolding.

After ascertaining that the extent of the boy's injuries consisted of a mental hurt instead of a physical one, Mrs. Jimpson surveyed the steps strewn with broken bottles and horse-radish, and again she controlled a wild desire to laugh.

The three Jimpsons went into dinner.

"I'm afraid, mum," said Bridget, appearing at the swinging door of the butler's pantry, "that the dinner's gittin' cold."

"We are going to eat, now, Bridget," said Mrs. Jimpson.

"Oh, mum, excuse me, but I forgot to tell you that we needed horse-radish today."

"I think, Bridget," said Mrs. Jimpson, "if you take your broom to the front porch, you will find that we have some."

SENTIMENTAL SI.

I s'pose there ain't much poetry
Down in my hard old soul,
Ef I'd run a race with knowledge,
I'd never reach the goal,
Yet I ain't—missed all the pretty things.
The clouds, the grass, the trees,
Sometimes I feel like fallin'
Right down on my old knees,
And offerin' with all my heart a prayer
Of thanks to God for lettin' me
In all this beauty share.
Today the brook, the flowers, the sky,
All jine in one grand tune,
That sings and rings through my old heart,
Gol durn! If it ain't June!

OLD DAD.

The first time I ever saw Old Dad was at my home, when in the midst of that very necessary but most uninteresting period of household regulation, house-cleaning time.

I went down into the kitchen one morning and Old Dad sat in state upon a chair. He arose immediately upon my entrance.

"Mornin', Mistis," he said, with a sweep of the arm and a low Chesterfieldian bow. "Dave couldn't come to help you this mornin' so he sent me. 'Dad,' says he, 'you am the onliest pusson I could trus' to do Mistis' work 'cept myself.' I cleans mos' every day, ma'am; that's my perfession. I cleans drug sto's, and paint sto's, and grocery sto's, and windows' and steps all over dis heah part of town. I'm a great worker an' I ain't no talker, an' I don't jes' use up yo' time foolin' and talkin' like some niggahs. I wuks, I do—yes'm, I wuks. I carries my own pails an' rags an' I don' loaf aroun'. I jes' wuks."

By this time I felt a little dubious as to Dad's capacity for work, a feeling which grew from suspicion into confirmation before the morning was over. However, Dad was finally established, with stepladder, pail and rag, to wash the woodwork of my room. He was a most unique looking character, with a crown of white hair surrounding his wrinkled black face, which fairly beamed with gentleness and lazy good nature. Alas, for the progress of the house cleaning. Old Dad rubbed the woodwork very slowly, but his tongue kept in constant motion.

"Ain't you a southrn lady, ma'am? I knowed so.

Dar's a kin' of set to yo' back bone dat looks like yo' come from souf of de Mason line. I'm from de souf, too. Yes'm; dey calls me Old Dad, but my real name is Hezekiah Ephr'im Genesis' Gascoyne. Yes'm; I use to b'long to de Gascoynes of Gascoyne Hall, down in ole Virginy. Big folks dey was, too—m'm. I live wid de bes' folks, I tell you. Wa'n't no po' white trash 'bout my folks. Didn't you never heah of Colonel Gascoyne? No, ma'am? Why, dat's strange! Thought everybody knowed him. He was awful proud an' high steppin'. Had de right set to his back bone, I tell you. Yes'm. Ever know my Mistis? Well, now honey, ain't dat queer? Thought everybody knowed my Mistis. Pretty—honey, she was jes' like one of dem bloomin' roses, white and sweet, and her voice was sof' like music. Too bad you didn't know her. An' den little Marster—proud jes' like old Marster, but full of foolin' an' mischief. I growed up wid dat boy. We used to play together—use to eat chicken feet an' pig tails togedder settin' side by side on de same log fence, and when he got older I tuck care of his clothes an' was his body servant. Well, bimeby he went away to school and Mistis she pack up his things herself, wouldn't let nobody else do it, an' she cried all day—I ain't sayin' that I cried, but I felt jes' like somebody done offered me some watermillion an' den tuck it away foah I'd had a chance to eat it.

“Mistis used to jes' po' over young Marster's let-tahs. When Christmas holidays come—Lord, such a rejuvenation time. Yo' all ain't got no idea what Christmuses is like up heah dese days—wid a big tree an' a cracklin' fire in de hearth an' de niggahs in dey turbans and white aprons calling out Christmas gif', and a houseful of gay white folks. Young Marster come home wid some of de sojer cadets, dey call 'em, an' a jolly time dey had wid de pretty gals, dancin' an' cuttin' pigeon wings.

“Well, young Mars went back, an' somehow his let-

tahs didn't come so frequent, an' den one day something happened. I don't know what it was. Seem like he got to spendin' money an' got to gambellin' an' drinkin' an' dey 'spelled him from de school.

"Well, when he come home he an' old Marster done had it up an' down, back an' forth. Old Mars told him he'd disgraced de name of Gascoyne an' he was 'shamed to own him, an' young Mars said he'd go 'way where they wan't 'shamed of him, an' old Mars up an' tol' him to go—wid Mistis cryin' an' cryin' to herself in de corner, an' de upshot of it all wuz dat young Mars up an' went away fo' neider one of 'em would give in.

"I don't know, but it seemed like nothin' was ever the same 'tween Marster an' Mistis after that. Mistis didn't say much. She wa'n't dat kind. But she grew so still an' white seem like she was fadin' jes' like a rose dat been pulled from de stem an' thrown down, an' seem like, too, dat a breach done come 'tween Marster an' Mistis dat wa'n't gwine to heal very soon. Marster went away on long huntin' trips, an' sometimes he didn't see Mistis for days.

"Well, bimeby, de wah broke out an' one day Mistis got a lettah. I heard her say to Marster, 'I've somethin' to read to you.' I 'member jes' as well as tho' you was readin' de writin' now, what dat lettah said—

"'Mother, dearest, I've enlisted. Father said I had disgraced the name of Gascoyne, but I'm going to try to do something to make you feel proud of me. God bless you.'

"Then Mistis went right away. Seem like she kin' of choke up an' couldn't talk. But, Lawd bless you, honey, dat boy wa'n't fit to fight. He wa'n't no mo'n a boy. He was sev'ral yeahs younger'n me. I guess 'twan't mo'n his fust fight—Marster was gittin' ready to go to wah hissef—when de news come.

"Dey wrote he was in the thick of de fight an' rushed to de front an' dat Marster ought to be proud of him.

Dat note come home wid his body an' an ole blood-stained rebel flag. Marster kept sayin' over an' over, "Too late! too late!" jes' like dem foolish Virginians dat de Bible speaks of, dat didn't have no oil in dey lamps when de bridegroom come to de do'.

"What yo' t'ink Mistis did when Marster sat sayin' over an' over, 'Too late, my boy, too late'? She jes' went over an' knelt down at his feet an' took his hands in hers, an' I knowed dat dere wa'n't grwine to be no breach 'tween Marster an' Mistis no mo' after dat, an' dat dere hearts done come togedder over young Marster's coffin—"

.. "Lord bless you, honey, if dah ain't yo' lunch bell an' I can't wuk no mo'n half a day heah. Yo' see Dave tuk me off anuther job to 'commodate you. By the by, lady, yo' ain't got any clothes dat yo' husban' don't wan' has yo'? We's gwine to have a 'ligious revival down to our church next week—gwine stir up de whole Bible from Adam and Eve clar froo to Gabriel's trump, an' I ain't got nothin' to wear but dis heah raggedy suit. 'Tain't fit to talk in meetin' in, an' I got to 'spostulate wid de sinners. Dis heah suit ma'am? Lord bless you, ma'am! Why, I'll be awful proud in dat suit. Thank you, ma'am. You is a true southern lady for sho'."

And Old Dad, with his soft, melodious voice and Chesterfieldian manner, went bowing out and the closing door shut out the romantic past and the old regime and left me in the prosaic present.

THE ELDER'S DRINK OF CIDER.

I've got jest as much respect fur religion, Silas Peters, as any man, but I can't abide a hypocrit. Course 'twant respectful of Josh, but he allus wuz so bilin' bubblin' full o' the dickens that he can't help playin' them jokes no more'n a bird can help flyin'. Mad,—my, but Lucindy Ann was mad! Why, you see, it happened this way. Let me light my pipe, I can alus talk better between puffs. Well, Elder Rice was a stayin' to our house, you know, while he was givin' them temperance talks to Graystown. Now temperance talks is all right, and Lord knows Graystown needs 'em, but 'twant no reason cause you're givin' temperance talks that you need wear a face as long as a mule's an' make the folks around you miser'ble. Every time Josh went 'round singin' to his work, Elder Rice 'd ask him if he was lookin' out for a future world, and that too much levity wuz onseemly. An' when Molly come out in her pretty white dress with pink ribbons, he said 'twas too bad she had no mother to guide her 'cause frivolity wuz the reignin' crime of the women of this age. Well, Molly pretty nigh cried, she wuz so taken aback, an' when the two kids, Josh and Molly, went to a barn dance, gol dern it, the Elder most threw a fit—he dressed 'em down so. Lucindy Ann she was tickled to death. You know Lucindy allus talked and acted as though death wuz right around the corner waitin' to grab a body the minute he stepped out o' the door, an' when the Elder come she wus in her elyment. Course Lucindy's my wife's sister and since Ma died she's done her best to take keer o' things, but Lucindy's a good deal of a

wet blanket. Now, I'm agoin' to die sometime, Silas Peters, but I ain't goin' to buy my coffin and set down in it waitin' till the blow comes. Maybe the Lord meant us to be solemn all the time, but ef he did, then he hadn't oughter made the green grass, an' the flowers and the sunshine. Didn't he make the birds sing? Why you can't look around you 'thout feelin' the joy of livin' sometimes. Course there's sickness, an' pain and worry, but it don't do no good to keep a harpin' on it all the time. Then, too, the Elder he wan't consistent. He could talk a heap to other folks about sacrificin' themselves and crucefyin' the flesh, but he could get next to roasted pork or nice fresh pumpkin pie about as quick as anybody you ever seen. Well, to go on with my story. It all come about this way. We had some nice cold cider one night an' the way the Elder laid down the law to the hull family wuz a caution. Said that cider were a disgrace and war reely a device of the Evil One. Josh war kind o' impudent I guess and said the Evil One wuz mighty thoughtful to provide such good entertainment, which remark nearly made Lucindy Ann have a faintin' spell, because Josh spoke that a way to the Elder. I sez to him, "Elder Rice," sez I, this ain't very hard cider an' it's mighty refreshin'." It's jes a steppin' stone to liquor, sez he, an' then he lunched into a tirade that wuz as tiresome as a naggin' woman. It looked almighty to me like encroachin' on a man's liberties, but I didn't say much bein's the Elder was a sort of guest and Lucindy Ann sot so much store by him.

Well, that night, Silas Peters, it seems that Josh heerd a noise in the hall an' went an' looked out o' his door' an' what did he see but Elder Rice a creepin' along softly down the stairs. Josh was curious an' he went a creepin' softly after him—down went the Elder and down went Josh, through the kitchen and into the cellar. Then Josh peeked and he seen the Elder take a pitcher in his hand from off the table. Then he crept

to the stairs and sot the candle on the steps an' went on down. Well, Silas Peters, you can jab me in the ribs if that son of a gun of an Elder didn't go straight fur the cider barrel and went fumblin' around fur the spigot. An' then that imp of a Josh waits an' lets the cider begin to run in the pitcher an' then he up and blows out the candle. By gum, but the Elder wuz in a fix, fer he lost the spigot in the dark an' that Josh went up stairs and got into bed. 'Twas a little after midnight or mebbe 'twan't so late as that that I woke up thinkin' I heerd somebody callin'. I listened and listened and jest then Lucindy Ann come to my door. "Reuben," said she, scared like, "I hearn someone callin' somewheres fer help." An' I springs out of bed an' we goes down stairs, follerin' the sound till we come to the cellar. I went down stairs and peered into the room. Never shall I fergit the sight. The Elder wuz a kneelin' in front of the barrel with his hand agin the bung hole tryin' to hold the cider in an' the blamed stuff wuz a runnin' in streams all over the cellar, an' the Elder a shiverin' fer he didn't have on nothin' but his night clothes. Lucindy Ann, when she seen the Elder with so few clothes on, she gives a little screech and runs back up stairs. I wuz jest a goin' to say somethin' when Josh leans over my shoulder. "Elder," sez he, "won't you have a little cider?" I told him to dry up an' he sez that is what the Elder was a wishin' he could do. "Brother," sez the Elder, with his teeth a chatterin', "this is most extraordinary." "It sure is," sez Josh, over my shoulder. "I heerd a noise in the cellar and come to investigate," said the Elder, a shiverin' with the air of the blamed place as he talked. "My candle went out and I knocked agin the barrel and knocked out the spigot, an' the cider begun to overflow." "Looks like a reg'lar deluge," sez Josh, "but I kin swim an' I'll dive in an' rescue you." He sure had a cider bath, the Elder did." "Excuse me, Silas Peters, I've got to laugh agin, whenever I think of it, an' if

you see me laughin' anytime to myself and it 'pears like I've gone clean plumb daffy, then you'll know what's the matter with me, an' I'm thinkin' 'bout the Elder an' his cider bath. You couldn't make Lucindy Ann believe but what the Elder's story was a gospel truth, but it sounded too all fired thin to me, an' he never did explain why he took the pitcher along with him. Now, I say, if a man wants a drink of cider, let him take it open and above board an' not go sneakin' 'round to drink it in the dark.

There I go agin, Silas Peters, don't mind me, don't mind me. You know what I'm a laughin' at, and golder, I can't help it. Gee whiz! Whew!

A TRANSPLANTED ROMANCE.*

Antonio stood at the door of his shop and looked down the street with a contented sort of feeling. He had just graduated from a little glass-enclosed fruit-stand upon the sidewalk's edge to this fine new shop upon the corner of a busy street, and stood surveying the tempting display of luscious fruit ranged upon the stand, both without and within the shop, with a very self-satisfied air. There were great golden oranges and tempting bunches of white grapes that brought to him the thought of his own beloved, vineclad, sun-kissed Italy; lemons, wrapped in pink and white papers, with here and there one in a gayer wrapper of silver or gilt by way of variety; great rosy-cheeked apples, with a "shininess" not imparted by nature, and savoring of the rubbing of a bandana.

Before him in the street played his two children, Beppo and Juliette, who looked more like two quaint little dolls than two flesh and blood babies; Juliette especially, with the full, old-fashioned skirt that came down to her little feet, the red handkerchief folded across her breast, the round gold hoops in her little brown ears and the string of coral beads around her tiny throat, and above all, the rosy, dimpling baby face, lightened by big velvety brown eyes and topped by a mop of black curls, whose beauty brought her many an extra penny from her father's customers. The gracious, merciful Providence that looks after street babies did not forget these two and they played in the

*Written for Short Stories.

gutters, under horses' feet and in front of trolley cars, with an abandon and fearlessness, that surely would have been the maiming or the death of some more carefully nourished children, and that made watchful, anxious mothers shudder as they passed.

And yet Nanina did not think she neglected her babies. She loved and cared for them as much as a busy mother could do, for was not the store to be tended when Antonio was away, as well as the cooking to be done and her other work, in the rooms back of the shop? So, really, all she could do for her babies was to dress them, feed them and put them to bed; the rest of the time they must shift for themselves.

She was so young, too, this wife, barely twenty, a fact more apparent as she came and stood by Antonio's side, in the cool of the late afternoon, for he was on the shady side of forty and his hair was beginning to grow thin about his temples and brow. Just a larger edition of the baby Juliette she looked standing there in the doorway, the same plumpness and dimples and velvety eyes, even the same folded kerchief about the breast and gold hoops in the ears. Instead, however, of the mop of black curls that strayed riotously over Juliette's little head, the mother's hair was parted in the middle and lay like bands of glossiest satin on either side of the pretty face, and in great massive black braids at the nape of the round, shapely neck. With a touch of coquetry, she had added a shell comb and an artificial red rose that vied in color with her full, ripe lips.

Trade had been brisk today, although there was a temporary lull just now, so they were both smiling as they heard the ting, ting of a bell and both the children shouted and clapped their hands as a man, pushing a popcorn cart, turned the corner and, stopping, greeted them gaily. "Good-day to you, Luca," said Antonio in Italian, coming down to the edge of the sidewalk to examine the new hand-cart. Bright indeed it was,

all blue and yellow with sides of glass upon which were inscribed in letters of enamel,

“Sugared Buttered and Chocolate”

“Pop Corn—5 cents a bag”

“Peanuts and Gum.”

Inside the glass case was a gasoline torch, a corn popper, a shiny new pewter pot which held the melted butter, and a whisk broom used for brushing the great white kernels into a pile where they were scooped into the paper bag by a tin sugar-scoop. Luca bestowed a bag of corn (stale corn that would not sell readily) upon the babies, who munched away upon it happily. He might have been a Romeo in disguise, as he stood leaning in a careless attitude against his cart with his cap thrown back, showing the thick, curly hair beneath; for he was young, handsome and straight of limb. The brown velveteen coat and red handkerchief about his neck added a picturesque touch to his attire. His teeth gleamed white as he smiled, which he did continually.

Strange to say, Nanina did not leave the doorway, and after replying to his greeting, seemed to give him no further heed but stood looking absently down the street. Ar! how her looks belied her feelings, for the heart beneath the folded kerchief kept up a quick beating. Stand back, Antonio! For your poor little figure forms too sharp a contrast to the tall young fellow at your side!

The two men talked away volubly for some time. Presently a customer took Nanina within, and after a time another came and Antonio went in to help her, leaving Luca alone; but Luca was not going just yet and sauntered up to the doorway. Nanina's customer left and she came outside,—he knew she would.

“My beautiful queen, you say nothing to me today,” he whispered in softest Italian.

A faint color came into her cheeks and she shrugged

her shoulders and pursed up her full, red lips, but she did not answer, for Antonio's customer came out just then and he followed, quickly, smiling and rubbing his hands together, because of the pretty bit of silver he had just received.

The two men talked away busily again but Nanina was still silent, and presently Luca, shaking hands with them both, took his leave, bowing, smiling and showing his white teeth as he kissed his hand to the babies. Pushing the little cart in front of him, he disappeared around the corner, but the woman's eager ears caught the ting, ting of the little bell far up the street.

It was always thus when Luca came—that Nanina was silent. He came often and Antonio who was fond of the young fellow was always glad to see him and they had many a busy chat together. He upbraided his wife with her coldness toward Luca and accused her of disliking him because she had nothing to say in his presence.

Poor foolish Antonio! He adored his beautiful young wife with all the intensity of his passionate, southern nature, and it occurred to him not for a moment that she did not love him with an equal ardor. Least of all would he have suspected her mad infatuation for Luca, all the more wild because helpless and hopeless. But Luca knew and he smiled to himself, showing his white teeth in his satisfaction. She was nothing more to him than any other pretty woman—he adored them all and charmed them all with the fascination of a wily snake. But affairs could not go on in this way for long—it must at last be discovered that Luca came to the little fruit shop very often during Antonio's absence. That the young Italian sometimes came when he was away, Antonio knew, for the children spoke of him, and of this he thought nothing, but of how often, he had not the slightest idea.

One day his blind eyes were opened. He had been down to the city to buy fruit in the early morning hours, and as he was within a half block of the shop, he

saw to his surprise it had not been opened. A man slipped out of the side door that led to the living rooms back of the store. Antonio's heart gave a great bound as he recognized Luca. For a moment he was stunned, but when he recovered and would have run after Luca, he had disappeared.

When he entered the rooms back of the store, Nanina was preparing breakfast and the odor of garlic was in the air. She did not look up but kept busy about the meal. On her right cheek dyeing her smooth, olive skin brightly, was a long mark as of a blow. Antonio came and stood directly in front of her.

"You had an early visitor," he said in Italian, shaking from head to foot with passion. She sank upon her knees before the look in his eyes and dropping the long iron spoon she held in her hand, clung to him pleading piteously.

"For the love of the Mother of Jesus, do not kill me—spare my life and I will go away and never trouble you again."

His hand was about her throat—a murderous hand—the hand of a man insane from passionate grief, when he heard two little voices, and Beppo and Juliette, who had just awakened, tumbled out of their bed and greeted him joyously. The hand relaxed its hold and throwing himself upon the floor the man burst into a flood of tears and wild cries. The babies gazed at him in round-eyed wonder while their mother rocked her body to and fro, and dared not move to stay his grief.

Terror-stricken at this unusual state of affairs, Juliette set up a cry in which Beppo joined her and Nanina coming to herself at last, tried to quiet them. Antonio sprang up and rushed out of the door, slamming it behind him.

What a day for the guilty, conscience-stricken woman! How its long hours dragged by! She did not open up the shop at all and customers came and went away, disappointed and curious. It was very late and the babies had been asleep several hours when the

door opened and Antonio came in. He looked white and haggard, and sank into a chair wearily. It was some moments before he spoke and then he said with a sneer, looking toward Nanina, who crouched in a corner with her face covered with her hands:

"Your lover is safe. I could not find him."

The woman shuddered but said nothing. Her glossy black hair gleamed in the lamplight, but he noticed that the red rose and the shell comb were gone.

This then was the end of all his happiness—the new shop, the comfortable rooms with their new furniture had all been bought for this—such a short space of time—just a little soap bubble of brightness had the past month or two been—and now the joy had vanished into thin air.

For such a length of time did Antonio sit staring wildly, miserably at her, that Nanina, unable to endure the silence longer, lifted her head at last.

"For the sake of the Blessed Virgin," she said, in her musical tongue (they could neither of them speak much English), but in a wild, excited tone, "let me tell you what I have to say. I am very vile and wicked, but I could not go away from you and Beppo and Juliette, as Luca begged me to—to run away with him and take the money you gave me to keep for you. I told him you had worked for it and I had already wronged you enough, and when I said that he was enraged and we quarreled and then he struck me a blow here," touching her cheek, "and then he was frightened and hurried away."

Antonio's hand clenched and he swore beneath his breath when she spoke of the blow.

Nanina sprang up suddenly and ran to his chair, falling at his feet and clasping him about the knees.

"Oh, send me not away, I will work for you and the babies, and ask not even a kind word in return. You were always good to me, you never grew angry with me or struck. Don't take the babies from me."

Antonio looked down at the adorable, pleading face with a wild anguish in his heart. It was the babies she was afraid to be parted from—not from him. He had been too old to marry this lovely young creature. All the charms of her face and figure were doubly magnified now that they belonged to him no more.

He sat gazing at her as one bereft of reason.

Presently the great tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Nanina, Nanina," he moaned, "you never loved me—I could not blame you—you never loved me."

Timidly she lifted her great velvet eyes.

"Forgive me—forgive me," she whispered, "I know now what I have lost—if you could love me again"—

She did not finish for he lifted her to his heart and held her there as though to hold her forever, for he knew, despite her sin, she was the only woman the world held for him. Her quivering lips met his, and in that kiss she was forgiven.

And what of Luca? He left town—for gallant Luca was a sad coward. But what were the odds? The world was full of pretty women and his heart was as free and his smile as bright as ever. His picturesque face and figure were soon as familiar in his new haunts as in the old where the children watched for the bright, new cart, and listened eagerly for the ting, ting of his little bell upon a summer afternoon.

"MAMMY'S CABIN."

The little old cabin still stands by the roadside,
Moldering fast to decay;
While the form of old mammy, oft framed by the
doorway,
Has long since to dust passed away.

And still I can see her, with face black and wrinkled
Stand shading her eyes from the light,
"Come, chillun, the hoecakes an' taters is ready,
Youse gwine to be hungry fo' night."

How we came running, the black ones and white ones,
At the sound of that musical voice,
While in the cabin, piled high 'round the fire-place,
Were visions that made us rejoice.

Those faces are scattered—the white ones and black
ones—
And the cabin to earthiness moulds.
Yet blessed the thought of that dear sunny South-land
And the sweetness that memory holds.

BOB'S LAMENT.

My sister's awful fortunate—
Don't have to go to school,
Don't have to do no number work,
Nor learn a single rule;
Don't have to even take a bath,
'Cept gets a spongin' off—
Yet she can eat just all she wants—
She's got the hookin' cough.

She plays all day out on the grass,
And underneath the trees,
Just listenin' to the birdies sing
And to the hummin' bees—
While I'm cooped up behind my desk,
With gogafy and slate,
A-tryin' to learn 'bout all them things
You'd ought to love, but hate.

The doctor said, "Just keep her out;
Don't hardly mind the weather."
Sis gave the cough to her bestest chum,
And now they play together.
My! that was pretty slick of sis;
I tried to do it too—
Just got up close and breaved her breff,
The way I oughtn't to do.

A'n'en I said that night to ma:
"I'm feelin' awful mean;
My froat is sore and my head is hot,
And my stomick's kinder lean;
Now, ma, I'd hate to miss my school,
But I'm feelin' drefful queer;
I think I've got the hookin' cough."
'Nen I squeezed out a tear.

But ma ain't got much sympathy;
She turned me round and round,
Looked at my tongue, felt of my pulse,
And said, "I guess you're sound,"
Just in the very coldest way,
Although she kinder smiled
and said, "You had the hookin' cough
When but a little child."

This ain't a very even world—
Some folks don't get a chance.
Course I'm glad to be a boy,
So I can wear the pants.
But oh, to sit here at my desk,
When every livin' thing
Keeps callin', callin' me to come—
Come out and take a fling!

Refrain.

The birds they sing just all the time:
"Come Bob, come Bob, be off!"
My sister's awful fortunate—
She's got the hookin' cough.

THE GRAY GOOSE.

The folds of the maiden's tunica fell gracefully about her slender form. The large dark eyes looked larger set in the pallor of her fair young face, a face paler than its wont, from lack of needful nourishment. Close within her arms she held a gaunt gray goose, that stretched out its ungainly neck toward the would-be destroyers in a manner that seemed but to inflame them the more.

"Give us the goose to eat," cried one, shaking a clinched fist.

"Aye, aye," another cried, "dost thou presume to feed this senseless creature, while men starve about thee?"

"We hunger. The gray goose will make a meal," affirmed a third.

"The gray goose! The gray goose!" still other voices clamored.

The girl only drew farther from them.

"Nay, nay, not so," she faltered. "If from my petty portion—my day's allowance—I slip a share for the sustenance of this poor bird, what have you to say? I take naught from thee—nor thee—nor thee," pointing to each one in turn. "Think you I lack in love of my beloved Rome because I give not this bird unto you? Have not the Gauls, our enemies, swept away my home by fire, and put to death by the sword the only beings dear to me, my mother and sweet brother who fed with his tiny hand this poor gray bird?"

"For this do I give the creature of my allowance. For this do I love it. Pitiful as it may be, 'tis all that hath been left to me and the aged grandmother with whom I dwell."

But the hungry, reckless mob laughed her to scorn, closing in upon her with cries and jeers. They were hungry, these poor wretches; hemmed in by Gallic invaders, wild, barbarian hordes that had swept like human hurricanes from the north, bringing ruin and devastation in their wake.

"One would think the bird a sacred creature, one of the sacred geese in Juno's Temple," said one.

"Aye—away with the paltry sentiment of a puny girl. Give us the goose—we famish," cried another, bolder than the rest, making as though to drag the bird from her arms.

The goose uttered a shrill cry as the maiden held it closer and it would have fared but illy with her had not a strong right arm pushed back the ruffians.

"Hold! Touch neither the maiden nor the bird, base ingrates!" rang out a voice that made them all fall back dismayed. "Is not this the maiden Claudia? Forget ye all that when Bremius the Gaul broke up camp at Clusium and marched toward Rome with his great-limbed, fair-haired giants pouring into the valley of the Tiber like birds of prey, that Sextus, the maiden's father, was one of those who met the Gauls on the banks of the Alia? Have ye forgotten that when o'er-powered by numbers the Romans were compelled to flee, how many plunged into the river, but Sextus stood his ground, fighting to the last and yielding only when his brave body could hold no more Gallic javelins? Have ye forgotten also that when the Gauls swept on to Rome this maiden's grandsire fled not with the old men, the women and the children to Veii, but with other Senators as brave as he, devoted himself unto the gods, praying that upon their heads might fall all the vengeance and destruction? Ye all know the story how these brave Patricians sat, in the Forum in robes of state, each man with an ivory staff, when the Gauls marched upon them. So still and god-like they sat that our enemies beheld them with wonder and amaze.

When one Gaul bolder than the rest stroked the beard of Papirius he rose and with his ivory staff smote the offender to the earth. Then fell these barbarians upon the Senators and slaughtered them with great slaughter. Sire and grandsire and mother and brother, too, hath this maiden offered up unto Rome. If she desires to share her petty portion with this poor bird, the pet and playmate of her brother, who fell a victim to barbarian rage, have ye aught to say? By the gods, ye have become pitiful creatures, ye men of Rome."

Tall and strong stood the soldier Manlius before them, in short tunic, with breastplate and helmet, his hand upon his sword hilt, for these were troublous times and each man wore his armor night and day.

The girl's dark eyes were lifted to the face of her protector.

"May the blessing of the gods go with thee," she murmured, slipping through the crowd that had fallen back shame-facedly at the soldier's words.

These were unhappy times for Rome. At the foot of the steep cliffs the Gauls were stationed, and while Rome was besieged other Gallic hordes swept through Italy with fire and sword.

With fluttering heart the girl fled to her abode, where she dwelt alone save for the aged grandmother, who, when the women of Rome had fled to Veii, refused to leave her beloved city.

"Here have I lived, here have my beloved ones been foully slain—here will I die," she had said, and Claudia remained with her. Upon Capitoline Hill they had come for greater safety, as its steep scarped cliffs made it almost unscalable.

"Manlius, brave Manlius hath stooped to preserve thee," Claudia whispered to the ungainly bird, stroking its head, "and now I have another cause to love thee. We will forget not his clemency, thou and I."

"Oh, men of Rome," cried Manlius, turning to the rabble after the maiden had gone, with a sweep of his

hand toward the valley, "there below have ye that which is more worthy of your mettle than a fragile maiden and one of your own race. Save your strength for the hour which is of a surety at hand." And he turned away.

Tall, strong of limb, yet lithely made was Manlius, his brown limbs showing round and firm beneath his short tunic and his breastplate covering a chest of goodly proportions. Toward the riverside he made his way and stood looking out over the country below.

The shades of night were beginning to fall, but he could see as in a mist the moving figures of the Gauls below. He lifted the helmet that the soft air might fan his brow and stood thinking of many things. When would this besieged city find relief? If the Romans could but meet the Gauls again in open fight—but to be hemmed up thus inert and helpless—ah, how galling for his restless spirit! And to what baseness had his fellow soldiers descended when they could try to seize from a puny girl her one treasure.

The maiden—how large and beautiful were her eyes! How slender and graceful her form! But of what was he thinking? 'Twas no time for soft thoughts—better try to devise some way to scatter the barbarian hordes at the foot of the cliffs.

Hark! what sound was that? Manlius' hand was upon his dagger. Nearer and nearer it came. 'Twas from the cliffs below. In the darkness a head loomed up not a foot from him. Manlius seized the intruder in a grasp of iron.

"Who goes there!"

"Sh! A friend. Unhand me and I will tell thee my mission."

As Manlius for a moment loosed his hold a youth climbed to the top of the hill and stood beside him.

"I am Pontius Corinius of the Patricians at Veii and come with a message to the Senate. By—Great Jove! I had like to have had my perilous journey for naught,

good Roman, for thy grip came near hurling me back on the rocks below."

"And thou hast of a truth come up this cliff and made the ascent unobserved by the enemy?" inquired Manlius in amazement.

"Up the cliffs, in very truth and unobserved I fondly hope," answered the youth, "but I must hasten, for my message is of moment and my time is very brief."

When Pontius had imparted unto the Senate the wish of the people of Veii to recall Camillus and make him Dictator, he departed again the same way in safety. But the clear, cold blue eyes of the barbarians were sharp. By the light of the morning two fair-haired Gauls stood at the foot of the steep heights on the riverside, when one caught sight of a mark in the rock near him."

"Behold!" he cried, "it is a footmark—and another—and another, one above and yet another. Some one hath climbed the cliff in the night. See, here are marks where he hath caught the tufted grass for support."

"Where one man hath climbed another may follow," answered his companion. "Come, let us hasten and make known unto our chief this discovery. Perchance we may find a way to reach the top of Capitoline Hill."

After consultation with their chief, a party of the bravest and strongest was chosen to make the attempt to climb where had climbed the brave youth Pontius.

Weird figures were these that after nightfall crept slowly one man behind the other up the rocks. Around their bodies were girt the skins of wild beasts, each man's javelin was bound at his side that it might not delay his progress. Silently like ghostly figures they crept on and on, and up and up the mountain side.

All unconscious of the approach of the enemy, up at the top of the hill near the Temple of Juno, lay Manlius, thinking sometimes of Rome and her troubles, again of the brave young Pontius or again of a slender form and a pair of large, dark eyes. To-day he had gone

to the abode of the aged grandmother to reassure Claudia that the gray goose would be spared to her, for would she not be anxious? 'Twas his duty as a soldier and her protector to calm her fears.

At last he fell asleep. How long he slept he knew not, when the shrill, unpleasant cackle of a goose awakened him. Ever on the alert for any sound, he roused up, seizing his arms.

A goose flapped its wings and cackled loudly near him. 'Twas Claudia's bird. It must have wandered away. Scarcely had he time to think when the sacred geese kept in the Temple of Juno caught up the cry with cackling and screaming and flapping of wings that aroused all the soldiers from their sleep.

Fully awake and keenly alert Manlius became aware of a noise that came from the cliff below. Rushing to the edge he beheld to his amazement the dark, shaggy objects crawling slowly up the mountain side. Great Jove! The Gauls!

"The Gauls," he cried aloud, and as the foremost man appeared, with one mighty effort, he seized him, powerless, thus taken by surprise, and sent him hurtling backward against the men below. Toppling one against the other like a human avalanche, the barbarians were hurled to the valley below. The air resounded with the cries of the Gauls, the mocking imprecations of the Romans. Javelins went clanging against the rocks and the Gauls, who still clung to the tufts of grass on the rocky sides were pierced by Roman spears. Capitoline Hill was soon full of excited crowds.

Cry after cry rang out for Manlius.

"Come," they cried, "We will give him each of his day's allowance of food, that he may have a greater portion, for Manlius hath saved Rome."

By the light of the glaring torches the hero saw a slender form in the background and large, soft eyes

that looked their devotion. With a quick movement he drew the shrinking girl to his side.

Taking the gray goose from her arms he held it aloft.

"Hear, men of Rome," he cried. "The gray goose which ye have despised, not I, hath saved Rome. Had the bird not cackled at the noise of the Gallic feet I would not have wakened and by this hour we would all of us have been lying wrapped in the slumber of death."

Then letting the bird go he put his arms about the girl.

"This maiden hath tended the goose, so unto her I pray you give the honor," and when they shouted with loud acclamations she hid her blushing face against his breast and he kissed her before them all, for those were days when the world was young and men wooed boldly.

"LITTLE MARS RICHARD."

"Ef you chillun don' quit pesterin' me fur a story somet'ing's gwine to drap, an' it won' be nothin' light, I kin tell you," and Aunt Geranium "squinted up" her eyes, frowned and looked menacingly at the pickaninnies, big and little, ranged about the cabin door. Not a word was said in reply, for the children and their elders knew as well as did Aunt Geranium herself that she was "itching" to tell them one of her stories of ante-bellum days, of which she had such an inexhaustible fund.

"Yo' all mus' take me fur a reg'lar walkin' cyclopegy, the way yo' acts," she said again, putting her hands down into her pocket and drawing out an old clay pipe and a bag of tobacco—a sure forerunner of a tale.

A dead silence reigned as she filled and lighted her pipe, puffing away deliberately for some moments with closed eyes, apparently unconscious of everything around her.

The air was sweet with the perfume of flowers and filled with the hum and buzz of insect life. Butterflies flitted in and out among the sunflowers and hollyhocks against the old log fence. In the field near by was Calvin with the plow and the old white mule. Now and then his voice came floating to them through the summer air as he held converse with the mule. "Go 'long, yo' ole fool, yo'. T'ink I got all day to spen' heah." Or, again: "Git up, Solomon. What yo' done take me fur, a creepin' snail?"

The pickaninnies dug their toes into the dirt and waited patiently. Andrew Jackson, bolder than the rest, heaved a deep sigh, but all to no purpose. Aunt

Geranium smoked away placidly until she finished her pipe, knocking the ashes out against her wrinkled horny hand, after which she proceeded to refill and relight. Presently she leaned forward with her elbows resting on her knees. The children scarcely breathed; a story was coming now surely.

"Since yo' all won' quit talkin' an' worryin' me I guess I'll have to tell yo' somet'ing to get rid ob yo'."

"I don' know," she added, retrospectively, "what put ole Gen'rul Mountjoy in my min'. Seem like I wuz lookin' at him dis heah berry minute. He usen to set in front ob our fokes, de Peytons, ob Glenview, at chu'ch—in days when I wuz a likely gal and deah young Mis' Peyton's maid. He wuz an ole man even in them days, but he wuz straight an' tall, an' what a figgah he had fur a man putty nigh on to eighty years, fokes said. He didn't dress like none ob de othah gen'l'men 'roun'. Dey dress den somet'ing like dey do now'days, but ole Gen'rul he look like he step out ob some ole portrit ob Gawge Wash'n'ton. His face wuz smooth an' his har wuz tied back wid black ribbon in a sort of 'kewey.' A bu'ful ves' all covered wid flowahs wuz allus buttoned inside his coat, all trim wid braid an' brass buttons, an' his pants come jes' to his knees. He wo' fine silk hosen an' low shoes wid buckles ob real silber on 'em.

"Oh, he wuz a gen'l'man liken yo' don' see now'days, I kin tell yo'. My Laws, chillen, de people dat usen to drive up in dere kerridges to dat ole church!—Why yo' all ain't got no ideah what real white fokes look like. Proud an' high-steppin' dey wuz, liken young hawses—the gen'l'men in top boots an' ridin' coats an' the ladies in silk an' satins an' bu'ful bonnets all trimmed wid flowahs an' wid bunches ob curls hangin' each side ob dere putty faces.

"Ole Gen'rul Mountjoy wuz a great man fur de ladies—he had been married free times an' wuz as libely 'roun' de ladies as evah in his ole age, kissin' dere han's an' bowin' low wid old-time grace, as my

missus usen to say. Ole Gabe was Mars Mountjoy's coachman, an' he wuz as proud an ole niggah as you'd evah want to see, holdin' up his haid fur all de worl' liken his marster, an' when dey come rollin' to chu'ch in dere coach an' fo' ef dey wuzn't a sight I'll eat my turban."

"Why, Aunt Geran'um, yo' couldn't eat yo' turban," broke in Andrew Jackson, thoughtlessly. "It would choke yo'."

She glared savagely upon him. "Ef yo' don' shet yo' mouf, boy, I'se gwine to bust yo' haid open. Don' yo' know I wuz only speakin' figitatively," and then, as if in punishment for this interruption, she sat puffing away for some minutes, although her pipe was out, and looked over their heads into the distance. When the spirit moved her, she began again.

"Ole Mars Mountjoy had one daughtah, Missus Joshway Scott. She wuzn't very young herse'f, mos' fifty, an' it kin' ob bothered her, kase her fathah was sech on ole beau an' fokes said he wuz in his dotage. Well, he didn't concentuate his 'fections on any one lady, until one day fokes begun to notice he wuz kin' ob shinin' up to Mis' M'ria Cartah. Miss Cartah wuz an ole maid, kin' ob quiet an' plain-lookin', but he usen to set an' look at her like he thought she wuz a bu'ty. De ole chu'ch wuz a quee'ah shape, built liken a cross, wid a soundin' bo'ad ovah de preachah's haid. Ole Gen'rul set in the main body ob de chu'ch an' Miss M'ria set in one ob de ahms, so he could look at her to his heart's content, an' the way he'd look an' smile—my laws, I don' wondah dat woman had her haid kin' ob turned like, kase she wuz so plain-lookin' an' I don't s'pose she nevah had no othah beau in her life. Ladies wuz mighty putty in them days, an' plain ones didn't git much show. Well, putty soon Ole Gen'rul got to takin' her home from chu'ch in his coach an' fo', wid ole Gabe disgusted nuff on de seat in front. Bimeby fokes said dey wuz gwine to git married.

"When Mis' Joshuway Scott, that wuz ole Gen'rul's daughtah, heard de talk, my, wasn't she mad! So Mahaly told me. Mahaly wuz Mis' Scott's maid, a likely yaller gal, de same dat mar'ied Pete Johnson after de wah an' went to Wash'n'ton.

"Mahaly said Mis' Scott bundled into her coach an' went ovah to see Miss M'ria to argify wid her 'bout dat mar'iage. Miss M'ria wuz a po' meek little 'ooman an' Mis' Scott wuz a gre't big one, so I 'spose she done ovah-powahad her or argified her down. Howsomevah dat wuz, de mar'iage didn't come off. But bless yo' soul, honey, de ole Gen'rul wuzn't to be got roun' dat away when he got mar'ying in his haid. What he do when Mis' Scott went to White Sulphah Springs fur de summah but up an' marry a widdah, young nuff to be his gran'daughtah." And Aunt Geranium took her pipe from her mouth and indulged in a series of chuckles, which finally developed into a prolonged fit of laughter that made her fairly hold her sides.

Her mirth was so irresistibly contagious that the pickaninnies grinned, bold Andrew Jackson breaking into an audible laugh, which had the effect of calming Aunt Geranium immēdiately. She gave him a look that froze the mirth upon his little black face.

"What yo' laughin' fur, yo' imp? I ain't tellin' jokes fur yo' ben'fit. Ain't yo' got no sense, no way?" After which reproof the autocrat of the cabin took up the thread of her story.

"I allus have to bust laffin' when I t'ink ob dat mar'iage. Dat widdah done led de ole Gen'rul a dance, yo' may be shuah. She drug him to de Springs an' resorts an' danced an' went flyin' 'roun' wid young men, an' de ole man didn't do nothin' but set 'roun' an' sigh. Well, at las' dere come a baby to Mount Mount-joy—dat wuz ole Gen'rul's home, an' Mis' Scott she bustled ovah to her fathah's house, which she hadn't entered since his last mar'iage.

"Dat 'ooman wan' fit to hab the care ob a chile—she

wuz too giddy an' light-haided, so Mis' Scott tole Mahaly. 'Specially the future heir ob her fathah's house."

"His mothah didn't keer. She wuz willin' to gib up de baby. Fac' wuz, she didn't wan' de care ob a baby, nohow. Ole Gen'rul, he wuz willin' fur his wife to hab her way in eberything, he wuz so crazy haided 'bout her—so Mahaly carried de chile in her arms all de way to Carmona Hall, which wuz Mis' Scott's place, wid Mis' Scott settin' up anxious an' worried like in de coach beside her, an' askin' ebery minute or two ef de baby wuz wahm or cobered up. My Laws, but dat wuz a pretty baby, an' how sweet he growed up, straight an' white, wid long curls hangin' down his back! Ole Gen'rul died not long aftah Mis' Scott took him, an' young Mis' wuz a gay widdah once mo', wid lots ob money, an' she wuz glad 'nuff not to be bothered wid him, only to come to see him now an' then an' sen' him presents.

"He wuz sech a putty, blessed baby that ev' man, 'ooman an' chile, black or white, roun' the country lubbed him. He usen to come into chu'ch holdin' Mis' Scott's han', warin' a blue velvet suit, an' wid his long yaller curls fallin' roun' his shouldahs an' callin' Mis' Scott 'sistah,' tho' she look mo' like his gran'ma.

"How ole Mis' Scott lub dat chile! He usen to ride beside de coach on his little pony, his curls flyin' in de breeze an' now an' then he'd turn to ole Mis' an' throw her a kiss—then dash away like de win', his cheeks glowin' an' his eyes shinin' like stars in de firmamen' ob hebben.

"I t'ink I lub dat chile mos' as much as ole Mis' did. Yo' see, Mahaly tuk vewy sick, an' as my young Mis' was married, ole Mis' Peyton sent me to Mis' Scott's. Dat's de way I got so well 'quainted wid dat boy, an' I didn't wondah ole Mis' Scott fairly worship him. She didn't hab no chillun ob her own an' de strings ob her heart jes' woun' roun' an' roun' dat boy like them boa anacondin's our preachah wuz tellin' 'bout las' Lawd's

day, roun' de prey dey's gwine to eat. Not dat ole Mis' wanted to eat dat chile, but she jes' held him to her heart dat tight.

"His mothah come to see him, as I done tole you, once in a while, bringin' him presents an' givin' him a little peck ob a kiss. He wuz allus kin' ob shy ob her, clingin' to ole Mis' dress an' seemin' to feel she wuz a sort ob a stranger an' didn't really keer to be bothered wid him.

"But one day she come an' eb'rything wuz different; she wuz ve'y gracious an' kin' to little Mars Richard, bringin' him a new velvet suit an' a ridin' whip with a gol' handle. She wuz a putty 'ooman, wid shinin' eyes an' gol' har like little Mars, an' she wuz dress up in great style wid hoop-skirts an' big sleeves. A tall gran' lokin' gen'l'man wuz wid her; wid eyes an' har as black as night. What yo' t'ink, chillen, dat 'ooman interjuice dat man to ole Mis', he bowin' ve'y low, as her husban'. Ole Mis' return the bow, putty stiff-like, an' young Mis' went on gushin' an' talkin' like she wuz done woun' up, tellin' ob all de places she'd done went to, New York an' Europy an' all dem towns. Bimeby she done ask, puttin' on de sweetes', gentles' tone, fur little Mars.

"I wuz windin' wool fur ole Mis' knittin' in de nex' room, an' I hear an' see all dat wuz goin' on.

"Little Mars Richard come in putty soon, wid his shinin' eyes an' har an' rosy cheeks an' ran straight to ole Mis'. Young Mis' says, sof' like:

"Ain't yo' goin' to speak to yo' mothah, chile?"

"His face change kin' ob grave in a minute an' he went ovah an' let her kiss his cheek an' put out his little han' to the gen'l'man.

"'This is yo' new papa, my luv,' says young Mis' to interjuice the man, an' I seen ole Mis' turn pale in a minute. I t'ink fur de firs' time it struck her what wuz comin'.

"'My deah Mis' Scott,' young Mis' says so sugar-

like, 'I don' know how to thank yo' fur all 'yo' kin'ness to my boy all dese yeahs, but I feel yo' hab had yo' share ob care an' I want to relieb yo' now I am once mo' settled in life.'

"I ain't nevah gwine to furgit ole Mis' face to my dyin' day. It wuz white as ripe cotton, an' when she spoke I skeersly knowed her voice, it wuz so changed.

"'Yo' mean yo' wan' to take my chile from me—'

"Young Mis' hel' up bof her dainty han's. 'Oh, my deah Mis' Scott, don', I beg yo', put it dat way,' she began, but ole Mis' Scott stop her.

"'I've been the only mothah the boy has evah known, but you wish to tear us apart now. By all the laws of God you have no right to de chile, but man's law 'lows yo' to take him. I hab nothin' mo' to say. Yo' know what I t'ink.'

"Young Mis' begun to talk an' 'pologize, but ole Mis' wouldn't say a word, but sat dere proud an' col' like, an' wouldn't open her haid. All de while little Mars kept staring kin' ob 'quisitiously from one to anudder, an' when he realize what it all meant he threw his ahms about ole Mis' an' sob an' cry dat he wan' gwine to leab his deah sistah.

"Well, de shotup ob it all wuz dat, dat young 'ooman had her way, an' she took de boy 'way wid her, an' ole Mis' look thin an' white an' miserably sad. Somehowe de light done lef' Carmona Hall an' de worl' seem dark an' col' an' cheerless."

Aunt Geranium coughed and wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron. "Dis heah smoke gits in my ole eyes today somehow," she said, evasively.

"An' didn't dat chile nebbah come back, Aunt Geranium?" queried the irrepressible Andrew Jackson, after the pause had been of unbearable duration.

Strange to say she did not dart upon him menacingly for the question. "Oh, yes, he come back," she replied, in an absent way, speaking more to herself than to her audience; "he come back, po' baby! Ole Mis'

got a lettah one day dat made her flop ovah on de flo' in a heap, an' when she come to she pack up in a hurry an' wen' away.

"When she come back she brung little Mars wid her, not dancin' an' flyin' along at her side like he usen to, but ve'y still an' quiet, fur dey bring him in his coffin.

"They laid him in de parlah dat night an' young Mis', she'd come 'long, too. She hung ovah him all night long, cryin' an' sobbin' as if her heart would bust. Seem like she done come to her senses, an' she kep' sayin': 'Oh, my po' neglected baby, ef God would only gib yo' back to me I would be so good to yo'.'

"But Gawd didn't hear her prayah. He wanted dat chile hisse'f. He was too good for dis wicked worl', an de 'tyfo' fevah done took him out ob it. All night long de niggahs outside in de cabins moaned an' groaned ovah po' little Mars, but ole Mis' set ve'y still an' quiet an' nevah made a soun'.

"Dey buried him in dey fambly groun' 'side de ole Gen'rul, an' aftah a time ole Mis' she died an' de wah broke out an' de place fell to rack an' ruin—an' it all seems like a dream dat deah little Mars Richard evah done lib at all."

Slowly the tears trickled between the wrinkled fingers. She was crying now and did not try to hide it, but, looking up presently and seeing Andrew Jackson digging his black fists into his eyes, she said with a return of her old-time sarcasm:

"What you' blubberin' 'bout t'ings dat don' concern yo' an' yo' ain't got no interest in, fur? 'Pears to me like yo' ain't got no mo' sense 'n Calvin's ole mule yondah."

MRS. GADABOUT'S BUSY DAY.

Characters: Mr. Gadabout, Mrs. Gadabout, Bridget.

SCENE.—Living-room, Table, Chairs, Pictures, etc.

Enter Mr. Gadabout, wearing hat and coat; his arms full of bundles. Throws down parcels.

Mr. Gadabout. "I think I have them all—(counts on fingers) let's see—two magazines, a package of coffee, box of blocks for Tommy, doll for Daisy, envelopes and paper, package of tacks, two yards of turkey red—I believe that's the name, turkey red. Don't think I forgot anything." (Takes off coat and hat and sits down in an easy chair with his newspaper.) "What a relief to get home after a busy day in town. A man's pretty lucky to have a nice quiet home to come to after the turmoil and worry of business cares. I wonder where Mrs. Gadabout is?"

(Enter Bridget.)

Bridget. "Shall I serve dinner, sor?"

Mr. Gadabout. "Where is Mrs. Gadabout, Bridget?"

Bridget. "Please, sor, she hasn't came home yit."

Mr. Gadabout. "Hasn't come home?" (Looks at his watch.) "Why, it's six o'clock. Is dinner ready?"

Bridget. "Yis, sor, and it's looky ye are, if ye have any dinner at all, at all, tonight sor. The stove pipe fell down and the devil of a time I had gittin' it up, wid soot all over me clane kitchen floor and messin' up everything, it bein' wash day, too, n'd me hands full of work and the Misses away and the childer to look after."

Mr. Gadabout (impatiently). "Go tell your troubles to a policeman, Bridget."

Bridget. "If it's insinooatin' ye are that I'm intimit

wid de polaceman—I'd like ye to know ye're mistaken, sor—me notions is much higher, sor."

Mr. Gadabout (hastily). "No, no, Bridget—that's just a saying." (Aside.) "She'll leave if I offend her, and she's been with us so long—two weeks, I think." (Takes up paper again.)

Bridget (lingering). "Plaze, sor, the new neighbors says if you don't kape Tommy down off the fence, makin' faces and callin' of em names, they'll thrash him."

Mr. Gadabout. "Tell them to go ahead. I'd like to have the job taken off my hands:" (Aside.) "I'm enjoying this newspaper."

Bridget (still lingering). "The milkman left his bill today, sor. He says as how he'd loike to see a little of the color of your money, sor."

Mr. Gadabout (aside). "I'm so glad I came home. Any more news, Bridget?" (Puts down paper.)

Bridget. "Yis, sor. Daisy fell into a tub of water and got all soakin' and I had to change all her clothes—it being wash day, too, and me hands full of work."

Mr. Gadabout. "Yes, I've heard it was wash day—something else?"

Bridget. "Yis, sor. The plastering fell down in the front bed room, and as sure as I hopes to be forgiven for my sins, I didn't do it, sor—me being down in the laundry washing at the same toime, sor."

Mr. Gadabout (aside). "How restful to get home after a busy day in the office. Go on, Bridget."

Bridget. "I think that's all, sor."

Mr. Gadabout. "All! Oh, no, that can't be all; you must have forgotten something."

Bridget (looking thoughtfully). "Well, no, unless it be Tommy troopin' in over me clane floor, wid about tin byes and me clanin' and scrubbin' from mornin' 'till night. I don't spose you want dinner yet, sor?"

Mr. Gadabout. "No, wait a while, Mrs. Gadabout will realize she has a home some time soon, I suppose."

Bridget. "All right, sor."

(Exit Bridget.)

Mr. Gadabout. "Well, now I'll have a little peace I hope." (Begins to read paper. Telephone bell rings violently. Mr. Gadabout jumps up angrily and goes to phone.) "Hello! Hello! What!—Oh! the phone's all right, is it?"

Mr. Gadabout. "Well, who said it wasn't? Oh! you just rung up to say it was all right. Haven't you got anything else to do?" (Bangs receiver into place and leaves the phone.) (Stalking to his chair,) "That's a fine thing to call a man up for—to say the phone's all right. I've got a great show to rest in this house." (Sits down again and takes up paper—phone rings again violently.)

Mr. Gadabout (disgustedly). "Phone's still all right, I suppose." (Jumps up and takes receiver.) "What is it? Oh! this is Birdie, is it? Who is this? Well, this is Sweetie. You've got the wrong number; ring off, Birdie." (Sits down again and takes up paper.)

(Enters Mrs. Gadabout in street costume.)

Mrs. Gadabout. "Am I late, dearie? Well, I'm nearly dead. Such a busy day as I've had." (Takes off her jacket and hat and sits down.) "This morning Belle Jones and I went shopping.. You know it's bargain day."

Mr. Gadabout. "And incidentally, wash day."

Mrs. Gadabout. "And we can't miss the opportunity of looking for bargains."

Mr. Gadabout. "No, that would never do."

(Enters Bridget.)

Bridget. "Shall I serve dinner, mum?"

Mrs. Gadabout. "Yes, Bridget."

(Exit Bridget.)

Mr. Gadabout. "Why on earth do you want to get into a mob of women?"

Mrs. Gadabout. "Mob? Why of course there was a crowd. It wouldn't be a bit of fun hunting for bar-

gains if other women were not hunting for them, too. Belle and I pushed right up to the front every time and didn't have to wait more than 15 or 20 minutes. Imagine, dearie, \$1 kid gloves going for 95 cents. Why, it would be a sin not to take advantage of it, and then they gave away the cutest leatherette hand-painted glove boxes with every dozen pairs. Why, the boxes alone were worth \$1."

Mr. Gadabout. That firm will die of enlargement of the heart. How many pairs of gloves did you buy?"

Mrs. Gadabout. "A dozen pairs, of course."

Mr. Gadabout (muttering).

Mrs. Gadabout. "Jim, I do wish you would be careful of the language you use. It really is not gentlemanly."

Mr. Gadabout (with disgust). "That was a great bargain to give up, \$11.40 for a cute dollar glove box."

Mrs. Gadabout. "Why, my dear, one always needs gloves—and then they can be given away for Christmas presents."

Mr. Gadabout. "Christmas was over two months ago."

Mrs. Gadabout. "Well, of course, but there are others coming, aren't there? You never look out for the future, Jim.. Belle got two dozen pairs. Then we went to the ribbon counter. I never saw such bargains in my life; bolt after bolt of ribbon going for a song."

Mrs. Gadabout. "Did you and Belle give a concert?"

Mrs. Gadabout. "What are you talking about? I bought ten bolts and Belle bought five. She didn't like the color. Well, I didn't either—a sort of magenta, but then one can always use ribbon, you know."

Mr. Gadabout. "Oh, yes, one can always use ribbon. There's about eight dollars' worth of neckties for the cat."

Mrs. Gadabout. "Jim, you are so silly. Why, I've saved a lot of money for you today."

Mr. Gadabout. "I would like to have had the chance to copper your trades."

Mrs. Gadabout. "Is that a joke? Because, if it is, it's very flat. Then we were desperately hungry, so we started for lunch. We had to go through the millinery section and Belle wanted to try on hats."

Mr. Gadabout. "Just for a pastime, I suppose."

Mrs. Gadabout. "The swellest things, Jim. I found the most stunning red hat."

Mr. Gadabout. "Oh, you were trying them on, too?"

Mrs. Gadabout. "Of course. Don't you suppose I wanted to see how I looked in them? And the red hat was dirt cheap—but I couldn't buy it."

Mr. Gadabout. "Couldn't? Did your money run out, or did you have a sudden twinge of conscience?"

Mrs. Gadabout. "You see, it had a red bird on it, and I joined the Audubon Society last week. A horrid women at our club worked on my sympathies for the poor birds.. I cried while she was talking, but it makes me furious now. The idea that one can't have a bird on one's hat. I'm going to resign tomorrow."

Mr. Gadabout.' "I would; that's what birds were made for, to wear on hats."

Mrs. Gadabout. "Then we went to lunch. I had an oyster patty and some fig ice cream and Belle had some celery salad and some peach souffle."

Mr. Gadabout. "A what?"

Mrs. Gadabout. "A peach souffle."

Mr. Gadabout. "That sounds filling. I guess I'll order some tomorrow. Why didn't you get corn beef and cabbage?"

Mrs. Gadabout. "Horrors! What do you think we are, Jim? A couple of workingmen? After lunch Belle wanted to go to the Philosophical League Rooms to hear a lecture on—Let's see—I wrote it down (takes paper from pocket) 'The Philosophical View of Egoism versus Altruism.'"

Mr. Gadabout. "Now what the dev—. What does that mean?"

Mrs. Gadabout. "Jim, why that's very plain."

Mr. Gadabout. "That is the plainest—the most comprehensible thing I have ever heard."

Mrs. Gadabout. "We only stayed for a third of the lecture. The lecturer was awfully smart, but she looked like a guy—the way her dress hung in the back. Gracious! Why is it these smart women always dress like freaks?"

Mr. Gadabout. "Give it up. Chronic, I suppose."

Mrs. Gadabout. "I copied one thing she said, Jim; but I couldn't quite understand it." (Takes paper from her pocket. Reads): "The happiness, or that which brings it, must be greater to one who derives it from another's efforts, than it would have been had his own efforts procured it; or, otherwise, supposing a fund of happiness, or if that which brings it, has been formed by contributions from each, then each in appropriating his share must find it larger than it would have been had no such aggregation and dispersion taken place.' Do you see that, Jim?"

Mr. Gadabout. "Oh! yes, indeed, I see that."

Mrs. Gadabout. "Well, what does it mean?"

Mr. Gadabout. "Mean? Mean? Why, it means, er—it means what it says."

Mrs. Gadabout. "Well, I can't see it—Listen (starts to read again) "The happiness, or that which brings it—"

Mr. Gadabout. (interrupting hastily) "For heaven's sake, don't read that again—that's too easy."

Mrs. Gadabout. "We didn't stay long."

Mr. Gadabout. "I'm surprised. I should hate to have missed any of that."

Mrs. Gadabout. "We wanted to go to Mrs. De-Swell's reception."

Mr. Gadabout. "Yes, you ought to have worked in something else."

Mrs. Gadabout. "That woman makes me tired. She goes to everything she's invited to for about two years and then she makes a great splurge and invites every one she has ever heard of to a reception. Really, you know a reception doesn't pay for a lot of dinners and theater parties."

Mr. Gadabout. 'Oh! it doesn't? Couldn't you women establish a clearing house and even up matters?'

Mrs. Gadabout. "You are so silly sometimes, Jim. Such a crush! Everybody was there. Mrs. DeSwell had on a new lace gown—I'll wager it wasn't paid for."

Mr. Gadabout. "I wonder how DeSwell manages it?"

Mrs. Gadabout. "I wanted to go home and change my gown, but Belle said we didn't have time. That pug-nosed daughter of Mrs. DeSwell's helped to receive. She'll have a hard time working that girl off her hands. The whole tribe of Blakes were there."

Mr. Gadabout. "Never refuse anything, do they?"

Mrs. Gadabout. "Never. Molly Tompkins was there in that same pink crepe. It's been cleaned three times to my certain knowledge."

Mr. Gadabout. "Molly has nerve to appear in a dress that's been cleaned three times. She must be a brave woman to run the gauntlet of all those eyes. Ugh! (shivers)."

Mrs. Gadabout. "We had to wait half an hour at the dining room door to be served. I thought I'd drop.'"

Mr. Gadabout. "Why, you were not tired. I'm surprised. ' More soufflé, I suppose."

Mrs. Gadabout. "No, the idea! Sandwiches, coffee, cream and cake. On the way home we stopped at the church."

Mr. Gadabout (in amazement). "At the church?"

Mrs. Gadabout. "Yes, Miss Maria Smith was conducting a mothers' meeting."

Mr. Gadabout. "Miss Maria Smith! Now what the deuce would Miss Smith know about a mothers' meeting?"

Mrs. Gadabout. "Why, Jim, mothers' meetings are always conducted by old maids. The meetings are very helpful. They make one feel so responsible and thoughtful."

Mr. Gadabout (sarcastically). "Oh, they must. The old maids tell you how to raise your children, I suppose—they've had so much experience. I'd like to go to a fathers' meeting conducted by an old bachelor."

Mrs. Gadabout. "Jim, I hate to hear you speak so flippantly. Miss Smith's talk made me realize how much responsibility rests upon a wife and mother."

Mr. Gadabout. I should imagine so. I've been home half an hour or so waiting for dinner." (Looks at his watch.)

Mrs. Gadabout (straightening up angrily). "It is not at all becoming in a man to be sarcastic to his wife, and I've had such a busy day trying to save money for you and going to mothers' meetings to help me in caring for the children."

Mr. Gadabout. "While Daisy was falling into the tub; Tommy making faces at the neighbors; the plastering dropping in the front bed room and a few other cheerful events were transpiring."

Mrs. Gadabout. "Well, I can't stay at home every moment to look after the children. You are the most selfish, unreasonable man I ever saw." (Begins to cry.)

Mr. Gadabout (jumping up). "That's right—cry. Gee whiz! I'm glad I came home. Guess I'll go back to the office and rest." (Goes out and slams the door.)

Mrs. Gadabout (sobbing). "Poor me; I certainly have a hard enough life."

(Enter Bridget.)

Bridget. "Dinner's ready, mum."

Mrs. Gadabout (wiping her eyes). "I don't wish

any, Bridget. I couldn't eat a mouthful. Give the children their dinner."

Bridget. "And you won't ate nothin'? Shure, you'll starve, mum, and there is nice breaded vale chops."

Mrs. Gadabout. "No, I can't eat anything at all," (Bridget sighs), "and I am so fond of veal chops."

Bridget. "Not even a very little wan, mum?"

Mrs. Gadabout. (Shakes her head.)

Bridget. (Sighs deeply and starts to leave the room.)

Mrs. Gadabout. "Bridget, you might bring me one veal chop, for fear I should grow faint." (Sighs.)

Bridget. "And we've lovely crame pertaties that you love, mum."

Mrs. Gadabout (sighs.) "No, I couldn't eat them." (Bridget starts to leave.)

Mrs. Gadabout. "Bridget!"

(Bridget pauses.)

Mrs. Gadabout. "You might bring me a few cream potatoes, a very few, Bridget."

Bridget. "And we've apple pie, mum."

Mrs. Gadabout. "No, no, Bridget, I couldn't touch a thing sweet."

Bridget (sighing). "Of course not, I understand, mum. Hot rolls, mum?"

Mrs. Gadabout. "Well, you might bring me a roll or two."

Bridget. "Yes, mum. (Starts to leave.)

Mrs. Gadabout. "Bridget." (Bridget pauses.) "You might add a very small piece of apple pie. I feel very faint and empty." (Sighs.)

Bridget. "Yes, mum." (Sighs and goes out.)

Mrs. Gadabout. "A woman's life is very hard." (Sighs.) "A man does not realize that a woman's nerves are not as strong as his. She can't endure as much. Now Jim is so quick-tempered. It wears upon me terribly."

(Enter Bridget with a tray containing meal. She places knife, fork, plate, etc., before her mistress.)

Mrs. Gadabout (looking like a martyr.) "Thank you, Bridget. I do not suppose I can eat a mouthful."

Bridget. "Try to ate just a bite, mum, to kape up your strength."

Mrs. Gadabout (sighs). "You'll look after the poor children, Bridget?"

Bridget (wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron). "Yes, mum, poor little souls. They are fighting now, mum, just as friendly, bless their hearts."

(Bridget goes out.)

Mrs. Gadabout (looking at dinner). "I feel very faint, but the sight of food nauseates me when my mind is so upset. (Pushes away her plate) It's very bad to go without one's dinner. I suppose I ought to try to force something down. (Pulls her plate towards her and begins to eat. Eats and sighs.)

Mrs. Gadabout. "I don't believe I can force down that pie, but I have eaten very little." (After a moment's hesitation begins to eat pie. A door is heard to shut. Voice of Mr. Gadabout is heard in hall outside):

Mr. Gadabout. "Bridget, where is Mrs. Gadabout?"

Mrs. Gadabout (hastily pushes tray, cups, saucers, plates etc., under the table. Eats pie hurriedly and buries her face in her handkerchief.)

(Enter Mr. Gadabout. Stands at the door.)

Mr. Gadabout. "Poor girl. She's all broken up; I was a beast." (Goes toward the table.) "My dear, I am awfully sorry I was so hasty, but don't feel so cut up about it."

Mrs. Gadabout. (Tries to swallow the remainder of the pie. Does not answer.)

Mr. Gadabout. "Poor dear, she is so filled up she cannot speak." (Goes to Mrs. Gadabout and puts his arm about her.)

Mr. Gadabout. "I am very sorry, dear,"

Mrs. Gadabout. (Sobs audibly.)

Mr. Gadabout. "Won't you kiss and make up?"

Mrs. Gadabout. (Does not answer.)

Mr. Gadabout. "Come, don't be so unforgiving, dear."

Mrs. Gadabout. "Well, Jim, it was awfully cruel in you to go away like that and be so cross."

Mr. Gadabout. "I know I was a brute, but let's kiss and make up." (Pulls her toward him and they kiss.)
"Will you forgive me? Come, let's have our dinner."

Mrs. Gadabout. "Oh! I couldn't eat a mouthful, but I'll go with you."

Mr. Gadabout. "Try to eat a little something, dear."

Mrs. Gadabout. Well, perhaps I'll have a cup of tea, because my nerves are worn out. You see, Jim, I have had such a busy day."

Curtain.

“CUPID—TO WIN.”

It was at the Bit and Spur Club on Derby day and they sat in one corner of the great veranda—watching the races?—Perhaps—but he, at least, saw far more of the girl in blue at his side than of anything else around him. She, however, with the keen interest of a novice, was enjoying the whole scene—the toilets of the women, the bustle and chatter, the glow, life and color all about her.

To the left were the boxes in the grand-stand, filled with fair women and attentive escorts and just below the boxes, in the grassy enclosure, masses of men gesticulated, talked and jostled one another in good-humored excitement. Out in the infield splendid equipages glittered in the sun and the many colored gowns and waving parasols of the women, fairly dazzled the eye, like huge flaunting bouquets of variegated flowers.

Now and then a great shout arose from grand-stand, club-house and paddock as a race was run and won, leaving a trail of joy and disappointment in its wake. Cheers arose as the jockeys made their appearance or the winner of each race came proudly back to the entrance gate. Swarms of men and boys in a living stream poured to the starting point and back across the infield to the wire.

Conscious of the beauty of their gowns and that other women saw and admired, elegant dames and dainty demoiselles sauntered back and forth along the club-house veranda or on the lawns in front, accompanied by men, young and old, in all the well-dressed negligee of the race-course, light flannel suits, silken shirts, soft felt or jaunty straw hats, with field glasses slung across the shoulders.

Between the races, waiters rushed to and fro carrying iced drinks and the women chattered like magpies, while over in the grand-stand messenger boys were carrying the winnings to the fortunate fair ones or taking their bets for the next race.

Two men who passed the couple in the corner of the Club-house veranda smiled and winked knowingly at one another.

"Hamilton has a severe case, Doctor," said one.

"Looks like it," was the reply. "Well, I admire his taste—pretty girl—doesn't live here, does she?"

"No; she is a cousin of Mrs. Drace from some little town in Illinois. I thought Hamilton was a confirmed bachelor—though he is only thirty—but when the chaperone makes herself scarce, things begin to look serious, eh?"

"Yes—and Bob seems to be a fixture. I don't believe he has left her to make a bet. She is rather of the prudish, upsophisticated kind, not exactly Bob's style, I should imagine, but I see I am mistaken. However, she ought to improve under Amy Drace's tutelage."

Oblivious to covert or open glances—aside or audible remarks, Bob Hamilton sat opposite the girl in blue, asking himself some very momentous questions. Occasionally as the winner of a race came under the wire, he took enough interest to tell his companion the name of the lucky horse, for she on the contrary, was always full of excitement at the critical moment and watched for the winner with shining eyes as blue as the blue of the gown she wore.

The contrast between her jet black hair and lashes and those soft blue eyes was very striking—to Bob the most charming combination he had ever seen.

There was not a bit of use to fight the matter—he had been struggling against the inevitable for a week or more. In the course of human events he had begun to think of himself as a confirmed bachelor. The tidy income of which he was in possession was enough for

one, that is, to live as Bob wanted to live, with all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life (for Bob liked his clubs, his little dinners, his valet)—and—with two there would have to be a renouncing of many of these good things. He had told himself these very plain facts many times and had settled into a very comfortable sort of existence—but then hitherto, there had been no disturbing element—no girl with blue eyes and black hair and the sweetest voice in the world, had come across his path to make him wonder if bachelorhood were not a failure after all.

They had been thrown much together, for young Hamilton, though by no means a saint, did not pose (as many young men of his acquaintance took a pride in doing) as a sinner, but was a man both men and women liked and trusted.

So Amy Drace had left her rather prudish young cousin more and more to Bob's society. She did not like to see the look which came, unconsciously, into the young girl's face, when the champagne went round or the conversation was a little more racy than Agnes had been wont to hear, as the daughter of a clergyman in a small country town.

The fourth race had been run and the people had settled back into a sort of buzzing quietude, discussing the outcome, sipping iced drinks, or engaging in mild flirtations. Agnes leaned back in her chair, a little quizzical smile coming over her face.

"Tell me Mr. Hamilton, why I, the daughter of a clergyman, who have never been to a horse-race before in my life, should really enjoy it? Is it the degeneracy of the age?"

"It must be the degeneracy of the age, Miss Martin," he answered gallantly. "It could not be any short coming of your own, and we will lay it to atmospheric influence."

"That is very kind of you," she laughed. "But really, seriously I am at loss to understand myself. Ever since

I have been here to-day I have had an intense desire to speculate as to the winner of each race. And when I think of how horrified my dear father would be at such an inclination on my part, I feel very wicked indeed. There was a long discussion between father and aunt" ("my dear mother has been dead several years," said she parenthetically in a lower tone) "about my coming at all into this great modern Babylon but the balance tipped toward my desires, and I came."

Bob had a smooth, beardless face and a fresh complexion, from which the color had gone somewhat, leaving him rather pale, when he spoke, after a moment's silence.

"May there not have been a sort of fatality about it all?" he asked in a low tense voice.

It was coming—no use to fight it off.

She looked up quickly in a surprised way and then dropped her eyes when she saw the look in his.

"Miss Martin, Agnes, you have not the least idea of what it means to me—your coming here—my knowing you. I want you to be my wife."

It was out at last and after it, dead silence between them.

She was completely astonished. She liked him immensely, but she had not thought of the possibility of this.

When she replied it was in a confused, broken way.

"Why, you surely cannot mean that—we have known one another such a short time."

"I do mean it, every word," he answered, growing bolder, and then he said a very commonplace thing and what he would have been amused at, in a story. "You are the only woman in the world for me."

Agnes was toying with her official programme, nervously, the color coming and going in her face.

She saw as in a dream, the words,

—"Fifth Race,"—

Purse \$600. For three-year-olds and upward. By

subscription of \$10 each, to the winner; with \$600 added, of which \$75 to the second and \$25 to the third horse.

Three-year-olds to carry 100 lbs.; four-year-olds, 110 lbs.; five-year-olds and upward, 112 lbs. One Mile

Then a mad freak came over her as she read. She glanced over the list of names, John R, Honey Bee, The Greek, Lightfoot, Bishop, Brown, Ironwood, Bluebird, Plexus, Solomon.

"Pick the winner of this race and I will be your wife," she said, not lifting her eyes.

He sprang to his feet.

"Agnes, do you really mean it?"

"Yes," she answered softly and without even excusing himself, he rushed away to the paddock.

The jockeys were already mounted, waiting at the entrance.

"Here, Tom," he cried, to a negro who was general utility boy about the grounds, "Put ten dollars on ——" he hesitated, his eye running hurriedly over the list—it was an inspiration—Bluebird. The color of her eyes, her gown, her charming hat with its curling feathers—"on Bluebird"—thrusting the money into Tom's hand and then he did not even wait for the boy's return, but went back to his place at her side.

They were off, when he reached the veranda and he said in a low tone:

"I have chosen Bluebird."

She did not answer but rose to her feet and stood looking out over the track with a curiously strained look in her large blue eyes.

Away they flew—Bluebird third. They could see the red and white stripes of her jockey's blouse. To the quarter—to the half and Bluebird second—Agnes' lips parted—Bob was breathing heavily. To the three-quarter mark—Bluebird ahead.

"She will win, she will win," she heard him say under his breath.

On they came, Bluebird ahead, Lightfoot second; then neck and neck—and with a sudden start forward Lightfoot under the wire by a neck—and the race was won.

Agnes sank back into her chair. Bob's face was as pale as death. He turned and left her abruptly and she thought he was angry. How unwomanly she had been. To answer so lightly the most solemn question a man could ask a woman—her acceptance of him as her future husband to depend upon the outcome of a horse race and his ability to single out the winner. She remembered the frivolous lady of Leigh Hunt's poem who, watching, with King Francis and his court—the lions fighting below them, threw her glove amongst the savage beasts to prove her lover's constancy.

No wonder, though brave enough to rescue the glove her lover threw it, "but not with love, right in the lady's face." Even the King approved the lover's action.

"Not love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

And she had sacrificed her life's happiness and his, for a whim, a mad freak.

Bluebird had lost—was she sorry? Yes; she knew now in her heart of hearts that she had found a man whom she could love and trust. But stay—her word was not as the laws of the Medes and Persians—unalterable. Their future happiness need not depend on the losing of a race. But how let him know? Perhaps he would not want to marry a girl of so fickle a temperament.

In the grassy enclosure below the grand-stand, Bob found Tom standing near the fence, his black face wreathed in broad grins.

"What was the fool laughing at? Didn't he have any sense of the fitness of things?"

"I'm glad you think this is a laughing matter, you black rascal!" he said irritably.

"I reckon you'll laugh, too, Mistah Hamilton, when you knows. At the last minute I had a tip and tho' I knowed you'd think me mightly presumin'; I done put yo' money on Lightfoot an' yo' ain't so bad off after all."

The sudden reaction made Bob's head feel queer and his face was a study.

"Fool's luck," was all he said, thrusting the ten dollars into the negro's hand and pocketing his winnings.

Then not waiting for Tom's thanks, he hurried back to the veranda. She was sitting in the same place.

"I wonder what you must think of me," she said when he pulled his chair toward her. "I do not know why I said what I did. It was most unwomanly." She paused and he saw that there was a suspicious moisture around the long lashes.

"Then it does not matter about the race," he said eagerly, "you will be my wife?"

"Yes," was her scarcely audible answer.

There was a little exultant ring in his voice as he said, "But my money went on Lightfoot, dearest, and I am a winner after all."

LUCINDY JONES AND THE DIRECTRY GOWN.

I don't know, Maria Mosely, as I'll git the taint of that visit to Myrtle Busby off me in a good many days. May be it ain't like the corner of State and Madison, this here Poky Corners of our'n, and maybe it do seem a bit slow to city folks, but it's quick enough fur me, an' it ain't chuck full o' sin an' queerness to the square inch neither. You know me an' Myrtle used to be sich chums until one of them city drummers come along an' was ketched by Myrtle's pretty face. Told her she warn't a rose to blush unseen (sorter pretty sentiment, yet ruther mushy, too), an' so he transplanted her to Chicago. Well after she was married, me an' Myrtle writ fur awhile, but then we kinder lost sight of one another fur a number of years, until one day Myrtle comes rollin' up in one of them autymobiles, kickin' up dust like fury, an' she hunts me up an' makes me promise to make her a visit.

Myrtle lives in one of them' swell flat bildins with elevators an' Lord knows what not—nice enough an' convenient in some things, but too fur from the ground—up seven stories. I was giddy all the time I was there.

Myrtle's husband has made considerable money, I guess, fur they spend it, free as water, an' we went rushin' 'round so, I didn't git a good full breath 'till I come home.

Myrtle an' her husband has two or three sets of friends. Some of 'em rich an' fashnerble, an' others poor as Job's turkey, I should say, for the women wore plain clothes, an' the men was too poor to git their hair cut—leastwise that's what I thought—but Myrtle

said they was musicians, an' when I asked her if music made the hair grow she laffed, fit to kill. Bohemians, Myrtle said they was, but I couldn't account no way, Maria, fur Myrtle's mixin' up with sich foreign truck. Here, hand me them stockings to darn, Maria, an' you git some other sewin'. I might as well be workin' while I talk. I've been idlin' so long that I'm glad to git at useful work.

How Myrtle stands the kind of life she leads is more'n I kin make out. Well, as I was sayin', I never could abide furriners an' how Myrtle mixed up with them Bohemians was a puzzle to me. Some of 'em could play pretty—though I'd ruther hear Jim Dawson's old fiddle tunin' up "Silver Threads Among the Gold," or Jennie Green a playin' "Rock of Ages," or "Shall We Gather at the River," than any of them new fangled tunes.

An' as fur singin', Millie Rose kin beat the woman all holler that sung at Myrtle's church. Why, would you believe me, Maria Mosely, that woman screeched so loud, in the House of God, too, that I believe 'pon my soul you could a heard her clear to Poky Corners. 'Twas sacriligious to me, but then when preachers takes to writin' plays, the world's gittin' sacriligious enough and the devil's runnin' rampant.

Dear me suz, Maria Mosely, I reely don't know what to think of these times we're livin' in. Would you believe it—the preacher of Myrtle's church has writ a play and they all seems to feel kinder proud of it.

Wouldn't Pastor Peters go a flyin' if he writ about any of them gals that runs around half dressed before the public.

Myrtle took me to a singin' show, light opry she called it, one night, an' the women was showin' their legs just scandulus, and them that warn't uncovered 'round the legs was bare 'round the neck, an' I was that ashamed I didn't know where to look. Why Maria, I spent half the night in prayer, a prayin' to

be forgiven fur witnessin' sech a show. Then after the show we went to a restyrant where there was singin' an' drinkin'—would you believe it, Maria, women sittin' up as bold as men a drinkin.' 'Twas kinder pretty in there, all gold an' glitter an' music, an' women fixed up to beat the band, but it seemed like it might be part of the temptin's of the evil one, Maria.

Another time Myrtle an' her husband took me to a Bohemian restyrant where them long haired critters hung out, eatin' macoroni in long strings, kinder disgustin' like, an red hots, they called 'em, an' drinkin' out of big mugs.

Myrtle said she wanted me to see life. Well, I didn't say nothin' to Myrtle, Maria, bein' her guest, but I thought ef this is life—give me death an' Poky Corners.

It's amusin' to see the inconsistencies of folks. Here was Myrtle always talkin' about germs an' microbes as she called 'em, havin' everything—let's see what in tarnation did she call it? Oh, yes, anti-septical or skeptical, or sunthin—filterin' the water an' fear'd of everything for the children (for she had two pretty children, though I must say they was kept out of sight in the nursery most of the time). As I said before, here was Myrtle afeared of everything an' she runnin' 'round to all them places where germs must a been thicker'n hops. But I didn't tell you, Maria Mosely, 'bout the Directry gowns. Myrtle says to me, says she, I think I'll have a new Directry gown. Now, Maria Mosely, I may be from Poky Corners, but I ain't actin' like I never seen nothin', so I pertended not to appear curious, though I didn't know what in tarnation she meant by a Directry gown. I thought maybe it had sunthin' to do with the telephone, so I hunted in the directry for pictures, when Myrtle warn't lookin', but I couldn't find nothin', but one or two little pictures of men in the back of the book.

There's some new Directry gowns in the shop

winders, says Myrtle, let's go an' look at them. Now, Maria Mosely, I ain't tellin' you no falsehood, but them gowns was the most indecent lookin' dresses I ever seen, all long an' tight, an' one of 'em, you'll never believe me, an' I wouldn't if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, was split up the side, an' the—— lean down while I say it low, the garter was a showin'. Of course the dress was on a wax figger, but there was men, women, an' children, all lookin, as unconcerned as if garters was wore outside the clothes instid of hid from view. Myrtle Busby, says I, fergittin' her married name in the excitement, Myrtle Busby—you ain't never goin' to wear sich clothes as that! Not quite, says Myrtle, laffin', but I'm goin' to have a Directry gown. An' she did, Maria Mosely, short in the waist, an' tight in the skirt, enough to make you blush to see it.

Folks loses all sense of modesty in town, I do believe, Maria. I guess it's in the air. Well, what with clingin' to a policeman to git from one side of the street to the other, with runnin' like mad from tootin' autymobiles, an' hangin, on a strap, jammed up like a lot of rats in a trap, in the street cars, city life ain't nothin' but a nerve-rackin' rush an' tare from mornin' 'till night. I tell you, Maria Mosely, when I got back to my rocker in the sittin' room, with its nice white crochet tidy, an' seen my cat a lyin' in the sunshine an' heard my bird singin' in the cage by the windy, where I could look out on my peaceful little garden an' the big oak tree that my grandfather set there with his own hands, I pretty nigh sung out loud fur joy, I was that glad to git back. An' I spread my skirts wide out on the cheer to make me fergit that awful Directry gown. Myrtle may have her tight clothes an' Chicago, but give me wide skirts an' Poky Corners for the rest of my nateral days.

"NOT WITHOUT HONOR."

Oh great expanse of glorious sea
 Stretched out against the sky—
To tell of all thy wondrous charms
 I fear no tongue can try.

When sapphire lake meets sapphire sky,
 All exquisite the hue.
Spread by the brush from Master hand,
 These tints of Heaven's own blue.

More glorious still art Thou in storm,
 When waves rush—beating high
With fury 'gainst the walled defense,
 Then lift, foam-white, toward sky

To meet the wind in duel strange.
 With roar and angry wail
And taunting cries, Thou battlest well
 The fierce and furious gale.

All locked with ice, all cold and gray,
 Or spread 'neath summer's sun
With lines of gold; or silver-tipped,
 Moon-rayed, when day is done,

A thing of beauty art Thou, aye,
 And ever art a joy.
To see Thee in Thy various moods
 Is bliss without alloy.

But why sing praises of this lake?

Good friend, too poor am I
To travel far to other lands,
And so with weary sigh

I dream of what the great world holds,
To view it I ne'er can,
Oh poor blind eyes look, look your fill
'Tis old Lake Michigan.

"THE SOUL OF THE RICH MAN."

A Morality Play.

Luke XII; 16-20.

The Rich Man

His Soul

Flattery

False Pride

Gluttony

} His Friends

The Angel of Death

A Beggar

The Poor Widow

The Rich Man is seated at a table (laden with wine, fruits, etc.,) with his three friends, Flattery, False Pride and Gluttony.

The Rich Man: "Come quaff of the wine and partake of the repast, my friends. Let us eat, drink and be merry. 'Tis for this we live."

Flattery: "Aye! Thou hast truly learned the art of living. Hath any other such vineyards, such flocks and such herds?"

False Pride: "Aye and such coffers full to overflowing."

Gluttony: "Pray forget not the wines and rich viands."

(Enter the Beggar.)

The Beggar: "Give me I pray thee of thine abundance."

The Rich Man: "Away with thee intruder. I have naught for such as thou."

The Beggar: "Give but the crumbs that fall from thy table—"

The Rich Man: "Nay not so—wert thou not shift-

less thou wouldst have bread of thine own—Go to the ant thou sluggard—learn of her and be wise—”

Flattery: “Or rather learn of our host who hath by thrift and brain accumulated his vast wealth.”

Gluttony: “I pray thee forget not the wines and rare viands which his wealth enables him to purchase.”

The Beggar: “Only the crumbs, good sir.”

The Rich Man: “Begone I say or I will set the dogs upon thee—not a crumb!”

False Pride: “Right thou art my friend for by giving to the poor one breeds poverty.”

(Enter the Poor Widow).

The Poor Widow: “I beseech thee, good sir, turn me not out of mine abode.”

The Rich Man: “Hast thou paid to the last farthing what thou owest?”

The Widow: “Alas sir I cannot pay thee—I have not a farthing.”

The Rich Man: “Then begone. Importune me no more. My steward will give thee thy just deserts.”

(Exit the Widow, weeping).

The Rich Man: “Come let us drink—we’ve had enough of beggars. See how the wine sparkles. ’Tis a wit-sharpener—a tongue loosener. All men are at their best when the wine flows free.”

Flattery: “Here’s to our generous host whose purse strings are always open to the friends of his choice.”

(They drink).

The Rich Man: “Drink to my success for tomorrow I pull down my barns to build greater, for I have not place to bestow all my fruits and my goods.”

(They drink).

The Rich Man: “’Twas but yesternight that I said to my soul—“Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years. Take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry.”

(Enter The Angel of Death).

Angel: "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee."

(The Rich Man drops his glass).

(Flattery, Gluttony and False Pride turn around).

Flattery: "What seest thou?"

The Rich Man: "Yonder shape—tell me who and what it is?"

Flattery: "We see no shape—'Tis a phantasy of the brain. Thou has drunken thy fill. 'Twere wise to drink no more tonight."

The Rich Man: "I tell thee 'tis a real thing." (He turns—the Angel has disappeared). "Nay not so—'tis gone."

(Flattery, Gluttony and False Pride nod at one another).

False Pride: "We will take our departure. Perchance in the morning thou wilt be thyself again."

(All)—"Goodnight, Goodnight."

(Exit Flattery, Gluttony and False Pride).

(The Rich Man sinks back into his chair).

(The Angel of Death reappears).

The Angel: "Thou fool."

The Rich Man: "The shape again—speak—who art thou and what desirest thou of me?"

The Angel: "This night shall thy soul be required of thee."

The Rich Man: "My soul? They say I have no soul."

The Angel: "Didst thou not converse with thy soul but yestereve? 'Soul, eat, drink and be merry,' thou saidst."

The Rich Man: "I did but jest. I have no soul."

The Angel: "Shall I call forth thy soul into tangible shape? Soul of the Rich Man come forth."

(A horrible, misshapen, distorted creature enters).

The Angel: "This is thy soul."

The Rich Man: (With a cry of horror), "Not my soul—nay, not so. That vile, abortive, loathsome thing. Thou dost but try me."

The Soul: "I am thy soul distorted by thine avarice and greed, thy love of gain—by the cries and curses of the oppressed who have felt thy heavy hand. Once I was fair and pure and shapely, ready to be molded into a thing most beautiful. I am as I am because thou hast made me so."

The Rich Man: "Out of my sight. That thou wilt be taken from me is my prayer."

The Angel: "When thy soul leaves thee then wilt thou die."

The Rich Man: "And leave my goods, my store houses, my coffers? Nay, nay, I must not. 'Twas for this I worked—'tis for this I live. Many years have I before me to enjoy the fruit of my labors. I tell thee I will not die. Tell me, who art thou?"

The Angel: "I am the Angel of Death—and I have come for thy soul."

The Rich Man: "Oh give me time—a month—a week—a day—an hour and I will give back to the oppressed that which I have taken from them. I will protect the widowed and the orphaned and the fatherless ones. Many shall arise and call me blessed."

The Angel: "Not so—too late—too late. 'For I was hungry and ye gave me not meat.' I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink. I was a stranger and ye took me not in. Naked and ye clothed me not.' So saith the Great One."

The Rich Man: "I ne'er saw thee before and I ne'er saw the Great One. How therefore could I neglect or ill-treat Him?"

The Angel: "Verily I say unto you. Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least ye did it not to me." Soul of the rich man follow me."

(Slowly the Angel passes out and the misshapen soul follows).

(With a wild cry the Rich Man falls forward and his hour has come).

MAGGIE McCARTY AND THE SERVANT GIRL PROBLEM.

Phwat wud ye be thinkin', Biddy Gilhooly, the papers do be sayin' aboot the servant girl problem?

Shure I'm sick to the heart wid hearin' of thot same. An' phwat is a problem? Shure I thot 'twas a sum in aritmetick, fur I heard Nellie askin' of her fayther only last avenin' to hilp do her problems and says I to mesilf, now phwat the divil is the relation bechune me and a column of figgers? And bedad, Biddy Gilhooly, 'twas divil of an answer could I give. Hiven knows we has to wurruk hard enough widdout bein' turned over an' over an' discoosed an' discoosed in the papers an' not only the papers, but thim wimmen's clubs an' the loike.

I never goes by the dure whin the missus has callers, but I'd be willin' to bet me wake's wages thot some of thim is shakin' their head an' callin' of us (thots you an' me an' the rist of us thots condesindin' to be in sarvice), problems, bad cess to thim.

I will admit, Biddy Gilhooly, thot whin I first landed 'twas little I knew of the ways of Ameriky, an' I suppose I was a bit tryin' an' a bit of a granehorn.

The first woman thot I wurruked for was wan of thim strainers thot was tryin' to put on airs wid nothin' to back her up. Says she to me, "Maggie," says she, "here's a cap" (handin' me a white cotton bow, an' a white aprun), "an' whiniver the bell rings you put these things on an' go to the dure." See the cuteness of her, Biddy Gilhooly, tryin' to make me look loike a second girl, as though she kept two.

Well, I was washin' of a Monday an' whin the bell rings in the afternoon (the washin' bein' so big, wid

six childer, thot I was at it all day), I pins on me cap an' puts on the apron the best I could, but bein' in a hurry, I forgot the siled gingham apron below, an' I wint to the dure. Two ladies was standin' on the front porch.

"Is Mrs. Jenkins in," says they.

"She is," says I, "in wid yees," an' I held the dure open. They looked at wan another, but they comes in.

"Will you take our keards?" says they handin' me a couple of white papers.

"Shure I don't loike to be refusin' you," says I, "but the missus don't approve of keards—I heard her say so to the byes last night."

"These is not playin' keards," says wan of thim, kind of stiff like, "they bes callin' keards wid our names on."

"Will you take thim to her," says the other wan.

"I haven't toime," says I, "but I'll call her an' till her you'll be wantin' to see her." Wid thot I calls out, "Missus, here's two frinds come to call on you," an' thin I goes back to my wurruk.

'Twas about twinty minutes later thot the missus comes stalkin' into me laundry. Glory be! She had red hair any time, but I'll bet, Biddy me darlint, you could have lit matches at the head of her wid aise, an' thin she flew at me like a hin wid its head off—me a poor granehorn, niver havin' wurruked before. It sames 'twas two ladies, who was very big bugs, an' she was anxious to git in wid 'em, though thot she didn't tell me, but I heard it from the milk man whin I wuz tellin' him about me story.

The nixt mornin' we had coffee fur brikfast an' she says to me, says she, "Maggie," says she, "here's the pot fur the coffee," handin' me a bit of a silver lookin' thing. Well I did jist as I was told, made the coffee in it, an' wud ye believe me, Biddy Gilhooly, if the thing didn't go miltin' down wan side 'till it looked loike it was full of whisky instid of coffee.

"Oh mum, come quick," says I, "the coffee pot ye give me is no good—no good at all mum," says I, an' she shrieked an' cried out enough to raise the roof, "Oh you careless, wretched girl, you've ruined my lovely solid silver coffee pot—any fool ought to know better."

"Yes, any fool ought to," says I, "but not bein' a fool," says I, me dander bein' up, "I don't, an' moreover, I gives you notice."

She was thot exciterble an' tryin', Biddy, thot I couldn't have stayed another wake. Well I got along fairly well in me nixt place fur a couple of wakes whin, wan day the missus sint home some round, grane things, an' she bein' late fur dinner, bein' a great gad-a-boot, I had to prepare the grane things as best I could, niver havin' laid eyes on the loike of thim before.

She was wan of thim kind, the missus, thot laves everything to a girl, runnin' about all day loike mad, to keard parties and tays, or shoppin', and gallivantin', so of coorse she wasn't there to explain, so I raisons I wud cook the things loike the squash I had a day or two before, an' the poomkin I fixed sometime befoor thot. Well, whin herself comes home, she brings company, an' says, "Dearie," thot's what she calls the tabby cat that was wid her, though she was thot homely she would stop a clock: "Dearie, we'll have a trate, I've some lovely new canteloops," says she, "the first of the saison." "An' when I brings thim in cooked an' mashed, she wint about eight feet into the air, she was thot mad. She couldn't same to recover, Biddy Gilhooly, an' even the nixt day, she was sayin' "Canteloops at twinty-five cints apace, an' you cooked three of 'em." You'd think thot sivinty-five cints was a fortin'.

'Twas not long I was in thot place wid all the fault findin' an' so I tried sivilal places in succession, wid childer, widdout childer, in flats an' in houses until

me patience was most wore out. At last I got a foine place along of a rich family where they kapes two girls an' a laundress, an' a mon to do the steps an' windys. 'Twas fair sailin' an' a good breeze we had (one of me uncles was a sailor, so sometimes 'tis in terms loike thot I talks), until wan day the missus an' her old mon (he really was her old mon, bein' much older than her), wint away fur a couple of wakes or so.

Well, Annie Riordan, thot was the cook, me doin' second wurruk thin, Annie Riordan, as I says befoor, she says to me, "Maggie McCarthy, let's give a party," not manin' to be rhymin' nayther. "Where'll we give it," says I. "Here," says she, "in this hoose." Well, the more I thought of the party the more I was stuck on the idee, so bechune us we invited a crowd and had the toime of our lives.

From garret to cellar we lighted the house, and bor-ryin' some of the missus' clothes, we was decked out in foine shape. We had a fiddler and we danced in the dining room, an' there was things to ate, an' things to drink, an' 'twas marnin' before the party broke up. Well, we fixed up the house in foine shape an' niver would the missus have knowed (the polaceman on the bate wouldn't tell her fur he was there enjyin' the party to the full, an' 'twas nearly full he was too), if wan of thim snoopin' neighbors hadn't told, so we was all dismissed in quick shape, I tell ye. Two bad we couldn't have a bit of a frolic now an' thin.

No I tell ye, Biddy Gilhooly, wid all the things a body puts up wid, the two-by-four bedrooms, the rude, impident childer, an' the bossy wimmen, 'taint the servant girl, as they calls us, thot's the problem, it's the hull blame family, be dad, an' 'tis thot same that's the blissed truth I'm tellin' you this day.

"THE CALL OF THE LORD."

The peach orchards were all aglow with a pink glory, and the blossoms scented the balmy spring air.

From out of the brown sandy soil, the fruit trees rose like huge bouquets, making the landscape a continuous delight to the eye.

Lillian Reed sat rocking upon the veranda of her little cottage with her youngest baby in her arms, for the day was mild and warm with a hinting of a summer near at hand.

Two other babies tumbled on the ground near by, rolling over one another like puppies at play.

But "care and sorrow and childbirth pain
Had left their traces on heart and brain,"

and to the young mother, rocking mechanically on the veranda, the glory of the day came not. She was tired out. Life seemed but a weary round of work—of dishwashing, cooking, nursing, mending, darning—with scarcely a moment to read, even the morning paper. What of wars, and rumors of wars—of mighty events and great catastrophes? Her little world was bounded within four narrow walls with an occasional holiday, when the three babies must be dragged about on a sightseeing tour, and the outing proved harder than a day at home.

Not that Lillian did not love her babies, nor the kind husband who was as hard working as was she. But the little folks, like the little foxes that spoil the vines, wore upon the nerves with their constant little wants, and Jim was so stolid, so good-natured, so full of love for his wife and babies that he did not notice that

Lillian was becoming more irritable as the days wore on. Jim's one ambition had been to buy the tiny cottage in which they lived, and that accomplished and presented to this wife, he had attained his ideal. With a wife and three healthy babies and a home of his own what more could a man desire?

Every night he came home, read his paper, played with the babies and went to bed early, ready for a six o'clock breakfast in the morning, and his cup of happiness seemed full, without any of the dreary monotony that had settled upon Lillian as a pall.

How different her girlhood had been! Lillian sat thinking of it today.

True she had worked in a small store in St. Joe, but the work was not hard, and the hours were short, and nearly every afternoon she had been accustomed to go down to the wharf and watch the big boats come in from Chicago with their loads of resorters who were running away from the smoke and dust of the great city. Sometimes she sat watching the men loading fruit packages upon the returning boats—or with Jim went down to the resorts along the beach and indulged in all the pleasures of the merry-go-round, or went into the lake for a refreshing plunge. And then on Sunday there was the park along the lake front, black with people who had come from the western metropolis for a day's outing, where one could hear the band and see the gay crowds. On Sunday, too, there were trips up the winding St. Joe, which has a picturesque beauty all its own. Oh, life then seemed all full of gayety and go in those other days!

Then there had been one memorable day, a holiday, when she and Jim had gone to Chicago for a sight seeing trip, and had come back on the late boat in the cool of the evening. What mattered the crowds and the noise and confusion? It represented life to Lillian as the gayety of the boulevards satisfies the Parisian.

They had found a secluded spot and the girl had thought it no breach of good taste to pillow her tired head on Jim's broad shoulder. She remembered that she had asked him if her head were heavy, and he had said no, that he wished she would pillow it there for life, which was really quite poetical for Jim.

Lillian remembered how happy she had been and how she had thrilled at Jim's first kiss as he had bade her good night and she had realized that they were to belong to one another always.

How far away it seemed and how the romance had faded before the sore bread and butter needs of every day!

A click at the gate roused her, and looking up she saw a peculiar figure entering the yard, guiding a bicycle which he rested against the fence.

From the long curling hair and flowing beard, Lillian recognized the man as one of a religious sect, "The Holy Communists,"—on the outskirts of the town.

Little Lillian toddled to the steps and clambered up on the porch, clinging to her mother's skirts, while the boy stood with an attempted show of bravery, looking anxiously at the intruder.

"Pardon me, Madam, may I trouble you for a glass of water? I have had a long ride and I'm very thirsty. I dislike to trouble you—you have the baby—I'll hold her, or maybe I can get the water?" he added interrogatively.

"No, she'll sit right here on the porch. I won't be gone a minute."

Little Lillian clung to her mother's skirts and went into the house with her, terrified at the unusual appearance of the stranger, but the baby in all the pleased innocence of her babyhood smiled and crowed and put out her little hands toward the man.

He touched them tenderly, as if they were breakable, admiring their shell-like pinkness.

When Lillian came back, he had the baby in his arms.

"Perhaps you don't like strangers to touch your baby, but it is hard to resist the appeals of innocence," he said, taking the glass of water poured for him. "Thank you—Yes, I will have another."

Lillian looked at him curiously. She recognized him at once as one of the Community of Holy Communists, a religious sect that was established on a large fruit farm just outside of Kenton Springs. All sorts of wild stories were current about these people. Their long hair which both men and women wore flowing, marked them as set apart from the rest of the world when they went abroad amongst the "Gentiles."

She felt nervous at being left alone with the man as her nearest neighbor was some distance away, the street having been recently laid out, but certainly nothing in the man's aspect was fear-inspiring. His face looked pale and worn, surrounded by the long brown hair which fell to his shoulders, and the curling brown beard, another mark of his sect. Save that his clothing was dusty from his ride, his linen was clean and his hands were as white and slender as a woman's.

"The little girl's afraid. Come, I won't hurt you. See, sister isn't afraid."

"I ain't afraid," spoke up Jim Jr. sturdily.

"That's right, my little man," the stranger placed his hand upon the boy's head—"I had a little son like this once."

"Oh"—the mother said in a pitying tone, "and you have lost a child?"

The man shook his head, "No—I left him."

"You left him. I do not understand."

"The world can not understand—The call of the Lord can not be disobeyed."

"And your wife—what of her?"

"My wife would not heed the call. She remained behind with the boy."

Lillian involuntarily reached out and took her baby.

"Oh, you do not look like a bad man—but to—desert your wife and child! It seems very cruel and wicked."

"I know it must seem so to you. If those we love will not come with us, we must heed the call alone. That is part of the test. 'Many are called, but few are chosen.'—Why? because of a faltering spirit.—'Leave all and follow me, saith the Lord.' At the call of the Lord, his God, Abraham of old was ready to sacrifice Isaac, his son. Shall I, in the light of the beautiful truths that have opened unto me, be less brave? 'To him that overcometh shall I grant to sit down with me on my throne.'

"Only by a fierce bitter struggle did I overcome the lusts of the flesh to enter into the new life. We are living in the last days. The signs of the times must be read aright. 'As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the coming of the Son of Man.' To and fro to the ends of the Earth are we the Lord's chosen journeying to draw the Elect unto us to await the final day. It behooves us to lay aside earthly desires. 'There shall be no marrying nor joining in marriage in that day.' 'Be ye ready for ye know not the hour—In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the sound of the last trumpet shall we be caught up—' and we are preaching God's last message to men."

The man's eyes glowed with a strange fire as he talked, and he held the woman's gaze, almost against her will. She did not understand him, but he impressed her with his earnestness.

Little Lillian had lost her fear and had gone back to play with her brother.

"Sister—of what faith are you?"

"I guess I haven't any. I used to go to church sometimes but lately I don't have time with the children and the house work."

‘Blessed be the Lord for then may the seed fall upon fertile soil—soil not worn out with dogmas. Oh, if you only knew what a glorious thing it is to come into the truth! What peace and joy and contentment will be given.’

“Come into the light before it is too late—‘The Lord will come as a thief in the night,’ but not unto the Elect. ‘One shall be taken and the other left.’ Listen! which will you be?”

The baby had fallen asleep upon Lillian’s arm. She rocked mechanically as she listened.

“I don’t think I understand what you’re talking about. Maybe we are living in the last days, I don’t know as I care very much. Life isn’t so mighty enjoyable that I’d want to live forever.”

The man rose.

“Sister, you are soul weary. I won’t talk any longer—May I leave you ‘the little book,’ and our paper,” he added, drawing them from his pocket.

“Some time, if you are willing, I’ll come again. We’d like to see you on Lord’s day. The trolley cars to Westman Harbor, bring you within a block and the conductor will point out the place. Our service is at 10 o’clock. Thank you for your hospitality. Good bye little ones,” and the man was gone.

She watched him as he wheeled away, (his long hair flying in the wind)—with strange sensations. He seemed a visitor from another world who had dropped down into the more commonplace prosaicness of her own. Then she shook off the spell and tried to laugh as she thought of how often Jim had spoken of these people as cranks and freaks.

The sleeping baby she took into the house and laid upon the bed covering it lovingly. “What a strange religion that would make one leave his babies!” She shuddered and leaned over to kiss the mouth—all dewy and open like a half blown rose.

But she put away the paper and little book, and

strange to say when Jim came home she did not speak of her visitor. Yet Lillian thought of him a great deal.

Discontented, tired, soul-weary, she was ready for any new train of thought that promised a diversion. Were these the last days? Then how useless aught except that which meant a preparation for the final summons. Jim's wife was not a religious woman, but like all women, her heart responded to a spiritual appeal. What strange things the man said. She wondered vaguely what the church was like. On Sunday morning as Jim sat out on the veranda in his shirt sleeves smoking his pipe, she came out with her hat in her hand.

"Jim," she said slowly, sticking her hat pin back and forth in her hat as she talked, "I think I'll take a little walk. Dinner's all fixed ready to cook when I come back. I have a sort of a headache and I think it'll do me good."

Jim looked up in surprise.

"Why yes, go ahead—but ain't it kind of sudden?"

"Well, I don't know as it is. I thought 'twould make me feel better."

"All right—just get back to get dinner, that's all."

When she returned Jim was in the kitchen playing both nurse and cook.

"Is your head better, girl," he asked. "We just put on the potatoes, and put the roast in, and I think everything is going to be all right. Where did you go? You were gone longer than I thought you would be."

She avoided his glance.

"Oh, I walked around a while and then I took a little trolley ride to Westman Harbor."

She bustled about setting the table and preparing the meal and Jim did not ask any more questions.

During the week her long-haired visitor came again, but this time she was expecting him and invited him in.

"You said I might come and talk with you, sister, and we were glad to welcome you at church last

Sunday. Were you interested? I felt that you must have been or you wouldn't have come."

The children were all tucked away for an afternoon nap. Lillian had been scrubbing the kitchen floor and sat drying her hands on her apron.

"Yes, I was interested," she replied, but it seems hard to understand. Why do you all gather in that big house together? Couldn't you believe as you do and stay at home? You said you had left your wife and little boy."

A sorrowful shadow crossed his face.

"Yes, I did. We cannot live the life of the sanctified unless we set ourselves apart and if those we love will not come into the light and truth, we must go alone. The world is full of evil. To prepare ourselves for the end of the present dispensation and for the future life of bliss we must set aside the lusts of the flesh—live simply, dress as those who care naught for the riches of the world, the things which shall pass away. "My word shall not pass away," He saith. "Blessed and holy are they who have part in the first resurrection for on such second death hath no power."

For an hour he talked unfolding the views of his sect; of the life in the community—of his people, and at the close Lillian was almost persuaded to accept his belief. After he had gone she felt restless—dissatisfied—the last days—why did she not make ready for them? She could not yet shake off the conventionality of her life and accept the doctrines which seemed so new and strange. And then Jim—would he come with her? If not, would he keep the darling babies? She shuddered and put the thought from her mind. But there came a day when she was brought to a standstill.

One Sunday morning she told Jim she was going for a walk.

Her husband looked at her curiously.

"Lillian, where do you go every Sunday?"

"I go for a walk."

"See here," he said sternly, "have you come to the place where you can lie to me? Where do you go?"

"I go to church."

"Where?"

"To the Church of the Israelites"—she was trying to speak quietly.

"Great God! You don't mean those long-haired freaks?"

She came and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Jim, don't speak so. I have adopted their faith. I want you to come into the light of the truth. Jim we are living in the last days. I know it. I want you and the babies to come with me—to live there with the blessed elect—and await the call of the Lord to Jerusalem—where the elect are to gather for the final summons."

It was as if a thunderbolt had struck him to the earth.

"Lillian, my God! Are you in your senses? Are you ill or crazy? What are you talking about? Am I dreaming or have I lost my own reason?"

She clung to his arm with both of hers.

"No, no Jim, I mean every word. You must learn to believe as I believe—the truth. I was discontented and restless. Now I am at peace. We will sell the house and take the money for the spread of the truth."

"So you've let these crazy fanatics get around you—have you? Well, you can't take the babies and I won't go. You can sell the house, because it's yours, if you want to leave us on the street, but if you go away, you go alone."

"Jim, Jim, dear, you can't mean that. You will go with me, and let me have the babies."

"Never! And if you count all our happiness in our little home for nothing, you'll go, but you'll go alone."

She broke into sobs—and stood thus clinging to him for some moments. Then she raised her eyes and looked at him.

“Jim, whatever you think of me—I know I’m right. If you will not come with me I must go. It is my duty.

He stared at her as one bereft.

“You are going to leave me?”

“It is the call of the Lord,” she answered firmly.

Some days later when Jim came home from work, she had her belongings ready and the little ones neatly dressed, and the supper prepared.

He did not say one word against it when she left him alone. How he got along he did not quite know. His mother, a hardworking woman with a fund of energy and common sense, came over to look after the children, shutting up her own little home for the time being.

“It was what might be expected when you married a girl with a pretty face and nothin’ back of it. I allus said she did not know a great deal, but I never looked for this. Gallivantin’ off with a lot of queer folks, livin’ nobody knows how, all jumbled together.” She said to Jim. Jim stopped her—

“Don’t you find fault with Lillian, mother. I can’t stand it now.”

But she grumbled and scolded all day to herself and the fretting babies—fretting for their mother who came not.

One day the baby, the littlest one, fell ill, and the grandmother grumbled and scolded while the baby moaned and moaned its tiny life away.

When Jim came home that night she told him that the Doctor had said there was no hope, and the strong man sat down and took the child upon his lap, the great tears falling upon the little white night-dress. Then Jim’s mother made a resolution. She got up and went out of the house and boarded the trolley car for Westman Harbor.

The big white house where the community was established was at the end of the cross street facing her.

A woman with long hair streaming about her shoulders knelt down in front of the flower bed setting out some single plants. Mrs. Reed walked up to her.

"Lillian Reed, do you know me?"

The woman arose from her knees.

"What do you want of me?"

Mrs. Reed the elder, squared herself.

"Well, first I want to tell you what I think of you mixin' yourself up with the lunatic crowd and thinkin' you're gettin' religion. No wonder this place looks prosperous if they get hold of fools like you to support it. It's a wonder you ain't sold the house and pushed Jim out before this. If you're still a decent woman and not a sinner, you'd better come home to the baby you left if you want to see her alive."

Lillian turned pale.

"My baby is dying!" she cried and rushed into the house, returning in an instant.

"I will go home with you," she said tremblingly.

A long-haired disciple followed her down the veranda steps.

"Sister Lillian, where are you going?"

"I am going home to my dying baby."

"Sister Lillian, have you not crucified the flesh—cut away your former ties?"

Jim's mother wheeled around.

"You let this deluded girl alone. She's goin' home with me. You'd better get inside and cut that outlandish hair of yours"—and with that parting shot she walked away with her daughter-in-law.

When they reached the little house, Lillian stood gathering courage to enter.

Jim still sat holding the baby.

She came and knelt beside him. The baby lay gasping—in its last death throes.

"Let me hold her once more. Oh, let me hold her once more," she cried, and he suffered her to take the child, and the little life ebbed away in her arms.

When the baby form was quite hushed and still she arose and laid it upon the bed and then came and knelt beside her husband, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Jim, I have only wronged you in that I went away—forgive me, forgive me—my eyes are opened. My life belongs to you—my love—my devotion. God has punished me by taking my baby. Let me come back to you, oh, my husband, let me come back to you."

The rough toil-worn hands took hers.

"I ain't goin' to find fault with you, my girl. I guess God has punished you enough—and I guess we need you here." Then she kissed the hands that held hers, while her tears fell like rain.

"THE MUSE REBELLIOUS."

At midnight I rose and took pen in hand
To woo the Muse fickle and fair,
And though I sat long with brow wrinkled o'er,
She came not from out of her lair.

Oh Lady Divine, pray list to my plea,
'Tis gallons and gallons of oil
I've burned at thy shrine, oh give ear unto me,
In thy service I'm longing to toil.

With eyes flashing fire and face full of scorn,
She came and I cowered with fear.
You call, modern wretch, and pretend that you woo.
I answer you—see, I am here.

A suitor you are burning gallons of oil—
A pitiful figure of speech!
Pray, where is the lamp with its flickering flame?
My charms are quite out of your reach.

And where are the shadows from fire-light glow
That chased back and forth o'er the wall?
Pray, how can I throw, in this horrible glare,
My mystical spell over all?

Alas and alack and woe, woe is me!
For I'm in a desperate plight.
Think you I'll be wooed in a steam-heated flat
And won 'neath electrical light?

MRS. BARKER'S SPIRIT

Of all the awkward, long-legged men you ever saw, old Dr. Barker of Brownsburg, Mississippi, would certainly have taken the palm. So long-legged was he and so small a horse did he ride that it was confidently asserted by eye-witnesses that he did not ride at all when he went up hill, but pushed his horse along under him as he walked. However, there never breathed a man so eccentric, so halt, so lame or so blind that he could not take unto himself a partner for life, if he so desired; and Miss Celestia Mudd had kept her eyes Barkerward, ever since the first Mrs. Barker had "shuffled off this mortal coil" and had been gathered unto her foremothers.

Of this state of affairs, the good Doctor was unconscious, being a sincere mourner for his deceased wife—in fact, so persistent a mourner that three years had now elapsed since her death and his grief showed no signs of abating, indeed seemed rather to increase.

The good man instead of keeping one eye open for number "Two" after a reasonable length of time spent in sorrowing for number "One," was making strenuous efforts to communicate with his former partner, by means of spiritualistic mediums. It was in the late forties, just about the time the famous Rochester rappings were supposed to be an attempt by the spirit world to establish a means of communication with Real, Live, Flesh and Blood people.

Spiritualistic seances were, so to speak, the rage. Believers were wildly enthusiastic, and unbelievers held meetings night after night, for the purpose of testing the matter. Private parlors as well as public halls were the scenes of many table-tippings and it was a

very unaccomplished sort of a table indeed that could not dance under the slightest provocation. Many a seance was held in Dr. Barker's parlor and the carved legs of the old mahogany centre table must have fairly ached considering the number of acrobatic performances they were expected to go through, now in their old age, when they had stood decorously and properly for so long a period. The doctor, it was said, had received several communications from his wife. She was well, happy and so forth; which communications Miss Celestia Mudd took in very bad part. She thought it high time for Mrs. Barker to relinquish her hold upon the doctor's affections and leave them to some spirit still inhabiting a tangible body. Miss Mudd considered Mrs. Barker's spirit a very unreasonable sort of a spirit indeed and she made up her mind that things had gone on in the present way quite long enough, a decision that put the spirit of Mrs. Barker at a decided disadvantage.

Miss Mudd became an enthusiast. Not a meeting but found her bony hands upon the table and her hatchet face peering out of the dim light in the room, like the face of some evil genius. Such enthusiasm could not fail to attract the doctor's notice and many discussions did they have upon the subject, each discussion carrying the spirit of the late Mrs. Barker further away from the doctor's thoughts and scoring a triumph for the spinster. The climax was capped one night in the doctor's parlor. The darkened room with its faded damask curtains, dingy furniture and staring oil portraits looked ghostly enough to suit even the most ardent believer. Around the table sat an eager, expectant, half-fearful group, two elderly gentlemen, three young men, two young ladies, dainty enough in their white muslin gowns to be disembodied spirits themselves; Miss Celestia Mudd, and little Joe, the doctor's son, who was considered a strong medium. A pathetic figure was Joe with his pale face and wistful

blue eyes, looking more like a dwarfed man than a child as he sat with his tiny hands upon the table, a connecting link between the spirit world and this, at a time when most little boys of his age were tucked snugly away in bed.

Shade after shade was called, George Washington, Lafayette, Shakespeare, but tired nature would assert herself and the little medium would nod and his hands would slip off the table, causing the further conversation with the spirits to assume rather a ludicrous turn.

"Is this the spirit of the great George Washington?"

"Put your hands on the table, Joe."

"What says the shade of the immortal Shakespeare?"

"Put your hands on the table, Joe."

Numerous greater and lesser spirits had been called up, the table had tipped and danced in a manner calculated to convince the most virulent unbeliever, when suddenly all eyes were turned toward Miss Celestia Mudd, who was acting, to say the least, very peculiarly. She groaned and rocked to and fro, at last going off into a sort of trance, during which she said and did all manner of strange things. In fact she claimed not to be herself at all but the late Mrs. Barker, finally calling for a piece of paper and a pencil, writing thereon in a very rapid manner, the sum and substance of the superscription being as follows:

"My Dear Husband: I am well and happy and I hope you are the same (this was the manner in which the late Mrs. B., not being remarkable for versatility or brilliance of intellect, had begun every letter she had ever written while in the flesh). I am so much happier than I ever was on earth that I beg you won't try to communicate with me in any way. It distresses me to come back to earth and find the house so ill-cared for, and dirty. Look about you and find some good, neat woman near your own age who will marry you and take charge of the house. Kiss our boy for me

and tell him to be good and love his new mother. Follow out my wishes and you will be happy and blessed.

"Your loving wife,

"Mary Ann Barker."

Every one was, of course, much astonished at the epistle and no one more so than Miss Celestia Mudd upon coming out of her trance. She professed to know nothing of what had happened and even went so far as to deny having written anything at all. The doctor seemed much impressed by the letter which he folded and put carefully away in his pocket. It is presumable that he decided to take the advice set down therein for seances were held no more at his home and he began to cast sheep's eyes at the fair sex once more. There were some persons mean and unkind enough to say that the trance was all a hoax and the letter had been a scheme to inveigle the doctor into matrimony, that Miss Mudd had thrown herself in the doctor's way times out of number after this and that she was unusually tender towards little Joe.

Let us be charitable, however. Rather let us pity than condemn. Not long after the doctor took unto himself a second Mrs. Barker. The lady's maiden name, however, was NOT Celestia Mudd.

"A CHEERFUL LIAR."

Hiram Powers wuz the biggest liar in Briggs County. Now that may sound like a slander, an' you bein' a city feller, may think us country folks air runnin' each other down.

No, no—you can't pay me fur them apples. Help yourself. Of course I'm tryin' to run this store fur profit, but I guess I kin treat a leetle now an' then.

Kinder dull this time o' day an' the early part of the week, but Saturday makes up fur it. It keeps four of us a humpin', I tell ye, to wait on customers. Guess I'll eat an apple along with ye. Well, I was a sayin' that Hiram Powers was the biggest liar in the county. I've hearn tell the Lord loves a cheerful giver, but I'm thinkin' it oughter be changed to a cheerful liar, fur the man that kin lie with as straight a face as Hiram could, certain sure deserves to be respected and liked. That sounds kinder queer fur me to say, don't it? But you can't help admiring any man that kin do any thing remarkable and Hi sure could lie. Warn't never mean about it, tho', an' warn't no hand to make up lies 'bout other people. Jest things that happened to hisself or his relations. I remember 'bout his tellin' that his wife had two little pet garter snakes that she had trained to hold her stockings up and when they died she felt so bad that she just hated to go and buy them elastic ones. Thought we believed him, too. Say, stranger, what did you say your name was? Oh yes, Perkins—Stayin' up to Green's lake fur the summer, ain't ye? What kind of grub do they put up there? Feed ye pretty good, do they? Wall, Mr. Perkins, ye'd never believe how Hi could lie. No matter what

happened to anyone else—something of the same kind ud allus happen to him, let him tell it.

I remember once he was standin' alongside a fence talkin' to Bill Brown, when his hawses, ole Dobb an' Bob, got skeered an' run a leetle ways and busted a bolt on the wagon an' when sometime after, Al Hanker's hawses sure did run away an' bust up things, if old Hi didn't tell how Bob an' Dobb run away an' busted the wagon to smithereens an' broke two of his ribs an' he not near the wagon when the hawses run.

He beat that there Annernias, the Bible tells about, all holler. Somebody told about a feller that walked in his sleep an' then Hi piped up an' said he had gone out an' hitched up the hawses an' plowed several furrers in his sleep an' never knowed it until the next mornin'.

Hi ain't very fond of work an' Jim Green said he bet ef Hi was workin' 'twas in his sleep. Quite a joker, Jim is. Then somebody told about people thinkin' folks lived on Mars—is that the place? Well, I swan, ef Hi didn't say he knew it, cause when he was in the city he looked through a telescope an' could see 'em jest as plain as day, walkin' around an' laughin' an' talkin'. Well, Mr. Perkins, some of them fellers around here thought they'd put up a job of some kind on Hi. The boys used to gather round the stove in the store here winter days when there warn't much doin' on the farms an' swap lies an' stories but they never could get ahead of Hi. So they agreed to tell the biggest whoppers they could so as to draw Hi on an' drown him out as it were. Lie after lie, each one bigger than the t'other, was told an' at last Jim Green said when he wuz a boy his folks used to have a pet hippypotamus that his uncle had sent from Africy an' that it was so rame, it would eat out of your hand. Ever see a hippo's mouth, stranger—er—Mr. Perkins, I mean? Well, then you know how rediclus that was.

Hiram went on a smokin' an' a spittin' agin the stove an' a doin' a pile of thinkin'. There was a city feller, a drummer, in town that day, an' he wuz onto the game an' his story wuz to come last an' he wuz to tell about a plesi-plesio. What's that? Plesiosaurus? That's the thing. He had explained that it wuz somethin' that had lived long before there wuz even Adam an' Eve an' that it was a monster.

"Ever see a plesiosaurus, Mr. Powers?" says the drummer, careless like.

"I should say I did," says Hi, cherkin' up in a minute. "Used to have one."

Well, I vum, Mr. Perkins, ef the drummer warn't so clean taken aback that he couldn't say a word, 'cept repeat, "Used to have one?"

"Sure," says Hi, "greatest pet you ever see—raised it from a baby an' it was so tame the children used to ride it around everywhere hitched to a leetle go cart. We got it a leetle collar with bells on it an' you could hear it runnin' forty rods away. Prettiest white wool on it ye ever see.—Marthy used to make stockings fur the boys from the wool. Tho' the way it looked when it was sheared allus made me bust laffin'. We used to call him Plesi fur short an' before Plesi was tame he was better'n any watch dog ye ever see—an' once when thieves come round Plesi yelped an' skeered 'em away. If he'd caught 'em he'd—"

But the drummer got kinder tired of lettin' him lie so straight an' havin' recovered from his surprise, he says, interruptin', "Well, I really don't understand how you could have had an animal like that, fur that's been extinct for years."

"Yes, it used to be, kinder," says Hi, "but we thought a awful lot of it jest the same. An' when it was killed—Lordy, I swan ef they didn't all cry 'cept me an' I felt bloomin' bad, I tell ye."

"Why, man, the Plesiosaurus was a pre-historic animal—"

Queer I remember the word, but that was what the drummer said gittin' kinder mad—"Lived before the world wuz made—"

"I knowed 'twas a rare animal," says Hi, not blinkin' a eyelash, "fur a curcus man offered me a thousand dollars fur it but we wuz too fond of it."

I furgot to tell you that Hi could juggle figgers to beat time. They say figgers won't lie, but Hi's did. Ef he'd have about twenty summer boarders, all told, a season an' you'd ask him ef 'twas a busy summer, he'd jest as like as not say they'd fed 500 that season—Well, I swan, ef the drummer (an' he was a pretty good talker, too) warn't struck dumb.

Hi would 'a been talkin' yit about that animule ef the circle hadn't broke up. Everybody went away discouraged with tryin' to beat Hi lyin'. An' Hi set there lookin' kinder thoughtful—he acterly looked sad. "Poor little Plesi," he says, "it sure broke my heart when he died."

"THE QUALITY OF MERCY."

A One Act Play of Witchcraft Days.

Scene—Room in a Puritan Home.

Time—The latter part of the 17th Century.

Characters—

Agnes Redmond	Thankful Wolfe
Ruby Redmond	Patience Plum
Henry Vane	Mercy Plum
Roger Vane	Charity Long

Faith Coddington

Ruby sits at the spinning or flax-wheel—Song outside—or Ruby sings.

Enter—Agnes Redmond. (Pauses at the door.)

Agnes: "She is my one bit of joy in this dark land. Thank God for my child—'Ruby.'"

(Ruby runs to her mother and leads her to a chair.)

Ruby: "Oh, mother, dear! Thou art weary" (removes her cape). "Hast thou toiled all day?"

Agnes: "Aye, all day, dearest heart" (sitting).

Ruby: "Why dost thou work like this? There is no need. We two can live on so little, mother, dear."

Agnes: "We need the pittance to keep the wolf from this poor door, dear heart."

Ruby: "But, mother; why not let me go while thou remainest to tidy up the home and mend the clothes? I am young and strong."

Agnes: "Thou! Why Ruby; thou art not strong enough to scrub the court-room floor and wash the benches of the meeting-house. Thou couldst not sew the heavy cloth and fashion garments for the men. And then, someone must bide at home."

Ruby (kneeling by Agnes): "But mother—these dear hands of yours were never made for such rough

work. They are fashioned slenderly; thou dost not seem like these other women here. I sometimes think thou wert a Princess."

Agnes: "A Princess! Nay, nay, sweet child, but I was the daughter of a Cavalier, thy father was a Puritan, but I loved him and for this thy Grandsire disowned me. All my laces, broideries and silken robes I laid aside. Thy father's religion forbade the wearing of such fripperies."

Ruby: "Laces, silks and broideries! Oh, mother, if I could but see them—wear them!"

Agnes: "Sh!" (With finger on her lips, looking about her.) "Someone might hear thee. Such talk be-fitteth not this godly land. These things are temptations of the Evil One, and yet, sometimes I long—"

Ruby (eagerly): "Oh, I know, I know; I've seen it in thine eyes—the longing for those other days—I knew there were those other days—for once I saw—"

Agnes (with excitement): "What didst thou see?"

Ruby: "'Twas when thou wert asleep and didst mutter in thy sleep one night and I arose and lit the candle, then touched thy forehead to see if thou wert fever-tossed. There by the candle's light I saw about thy neck a chain of gold."

Agnes (clasping her hands): "God in Heaven forgive me for my sin!"

Ruby: "Mother, dear, why speakest thou so?"

Agnes: "Are we not commanded to lay aside the lusts of the flesh? Does not the Good Book say, 'Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing of gold or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart withal, which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of Great Price.'"

Ruby: "But mother, surely the Great God cannot believe that beauty is a sin—else why the lovely sky, the brilliant sunset, the glow of dawn and all the ex-

quisite flowers that spring up unbidden in the meadows when the summer is at hand. Oh, mother! I dare not whisper all I feel, but this Great God that we hear about on the Sabbath Day seems very far away, but the God that made the running brook, who whispers to me in the breeze, seems like the kind, good father I have never known—the dear father, who died 'ere I was born."

Agnes: "Aye—he was good and gentle, my child—not austere like these men about us. He let me wear this chain beneath my gown, though he, too, feared that 'twas a deadly sin, for when he first set eyes on me I wore the chain and in his heart of hearts he loved to see it round my neck. So when thou didst come into my life I called thee 'Ruby.'"

Ruby: "Is that the name of the stone that sparkles like a bit of fire upon the ornament—Oh, mother! may I look at it again?"

Agnes: "No, no, my child. Put away such thoughts. See—I will cast aside the chain." (Tears it from her neck.) "I must not tempt thee, sweet one. These things are of the world beyond the seas and we who fled from its vanities and sin must think only upon the beauty of Holiness." (Rises.) "Come, lay the cloth, and we will have our simple meal 'ere the evening shadows fall."

(Exit Agnes.)

(Ruby hesitates, then runs and picks up the locket.)

Ruby: "Oh, how beautiful! If I could but try it on my neck! Surely the Good God would not count it as a sin against me."

(Agnes comes to the door.) (Ruby hides the chain.)

Agnes: "Ruby, Mistress Coddington hath called from her door. Her child is worse and I will take some herbs to aid the little one." (Takes herbs from the chest.)

Ruby: "'Tis well, mother, dear." (Exit Agnes.)

Ruby (puts chain about her neck): "See how it

sparkles! Oh, I knew dear mother was a lady born; there is this chain and then one day I saw down in the bottom of the chest a silken robe of brightest red and plumed hat. How I have longed to look again—to try them on and play the lady! I wonder if 'twould be a crime for everlasting punishment? I don't believe 'tis wicked to love these things—I will look again—Ah! how it shines, how gay it is, and then this plume, how long and soft!" (Takes out the things.) "Just for a moment I will don them both." (Runs out carrying the gown and plumed hat.)

(Enter Roger.)

Roger: "Ruby!" (Looks about him.) "Why, where can Ruby be! 'tis not her wont to run about the streets. Ah! I wonder if every man feels as I do when once he knows how sweet a maid may be! My father likes her not, warned me that I must not see her; but in that I must defy him. I will make him love her. Love is not sinful, though some would make it so. Bye and bye 'twill be a sin to breathe the very air God gave that we may live. A man may not kiss his wife upon the Sabbath Day nor deviate a hair's breadth from these stern old laws my father and the rest have made. Well, well—this love of mine may be of the Devil, as my father says, but if it is 'tis monstrous sweet. Surely the evil one doth tempt me sorely, if temptation this be. Waking or sleeping the sweet face of Mistress Ruby is ever before me. But yesterday I hummed an old love song as I worked—a sonnet I once heard Ruby sing and when my father heard it he turned with rage and bade me sing an hymn instead. I dare not whisper it but I am sick to death of hymns and prayers. My soul cries out for freedom."

(Enter Ruby in silken gown and plumed hat.)

Roger: "Ah, pardon me, my lady, canst thou tell me where to find Mistress Ruby Redmond?"

Ruby: "I grant thee pardon, Master Roger Vane. Here is Mistress Ruby Redmond, an' 'tis thy pleasure."

Roger: "Ruby, thou!—and in such garb—Come, I pray thee, let no one see these frivolous robes or thou mayest be publicly censured."

Ruby (coyly): "Then, thou likest me not?"

Roger: "Thou art beautiful!—and yet—I am afraid—where didst thou find these gewgaws?"

Ruby: "They were my mother's in her younger days. Come, Good Master Roger, sit thee down." (Leads him to a bench.) "Look not so frightened. Last night thou almost didst tell me many things. Then I was a Puritan maiden, and it was not seemly to talk of such a frivolous and unholy thing as love. Today I am the daughter of the Cavaliers and I give thee permission to forget thou art a timid, bashful Puritan. Thou mayest tell me all thy heart."

Roger (kneels): "I will in truth, for by my soul I love thee. Let come what may—let oppose who will, dear Ruby, thou art Mistress of my soul."

Ruby: "Thou speakest like a Cavalier. 'Tis the robe that hath bewitched thee."

Roger (rises and takes her in his arms): "Aye, the robe and the maid, for never will I give thee up. I am thine and thou art mine and the God of my fathers hath given thee to me."

(Enter Henry Vane—stands at the door a moment.)

Henry Vane: "So I find thee—thou child of Belial. Whence comes this brazen being that thou holdest in thine arms? Last night 'twas the maiden Ruby that I forbade thee to visit."

Ruby: "Good Sir, I am Ruby Redmond."

Henry Vane: "Thou! and in this ungodly frump-ery? 'Twas as I thought. Thou hast lured my son from the straight and narrow path with thy wiles. I denounce thee as a witch."

Roger: "Father—I implore thee—"

Henry: "Say no more. Tomorrow I will publicly denounce this (scarlet) maid before the Judges as a witch."

Ruby: "No, no, kind Sir, I beg thee to have pity. I know naught of magic charms and such strange things. 'Tis but an old gown that once my mother wore. She was the daughter of a Cavalier, and she gave up all to follow my father to this land."

(Enter Agnes.)

Agnes: "Why, what is this? Ruby, my lamb, and in this gown! God above forgive me that I saved these wicked garments."

Ruby (running to her mother): "Oh, mother, do not let them take me from you."

(Enter Patience, Little Mercy, Thankful, Charity.)

Patience: "What is all this clamor?"

Henry: "This girl is a witch. She hath stolen my son from me. Mark how she garbs herself. When no one is nigh she doffs the dress of modesty and seemliness and wears these scarlet robes. Tomorrow I'll denounce her in the public hall. She is a witch, I say—a witch."

ALL: "A witch—"

Thankful: "Aye, I mind me now—last week I saw her slipping by my gate at eventide and 'twas scarce an hour 'ere my youngest born fell from the bench and broke his arm."

Patience: "'Tis true—and did not our brindle cow die only yesternoon and that without a seeming cause. She is a witch, indeed."

Charity: "Aye, aye, she hath bewitched us. Hang her, burn her, that we break the spell!"

Ruby: "Mother, dearest—save me from these creatures."

Agnes: "Listen friends, I pray you. For years I've lived amongst you, peaceably—working for you, ministering to the sick, the dying, trying to do God's Holy will; I implore you, you accuse not my child of these unholy deeds. I am indeed punished for my vanity in saving these baubles of my girlhood days. Tomorrow

I will burn these garments and will purify my soul with prayer."

Henry Vane: "Aye, tomorrow we will burn this girl and purify thy soul and hers and lift the spell from these our people."

Roger: "Father, thou shalt nōt—dare not."

Henry Vane: "Be still, irreverent boy. Be glad thou burn not with her, for she hath drawn her spell around thee."

Patience: "She hath, indeed. Is not my Hopeful of as pleasant mien and dainty form? Yet he must pass her by with eyes for naught but her, the saucy, bold-faced chit."

Charity: "Burn her as a witch, I say."

Thankful: "Yes, 'twill be doing God's good work."

Ruby: "Mother, dearest, save me."

Agnes: "Nay, nay, she is no witch; 'tis I—I am the witch. She's but a child. Why, look, good friends, she couldn't harm a fly—but I—I go about amongst you to work my evil will. 'Twas I who killed the brindle cow. I broke the baby's arm. I weave my wicked spells about you—I made this poor child assume this tawdry finery—see the chain about her neck. It is a charm. I brew my herbs and chant my incantations and draw unholy spells about you all. I am the witch; come, take me now and you will break the magic charm."

Charity: "Yes, yes, she is a witch—I thought as much."

Thankful: "I always feared the strange glint of her eye."

Ruby: "No, no, don't listen to her, friends. She tries to save me. She is no witch, but the dearest, kindest mother in the world."

Henry Vane: "Nay, nay, 'tis not the mother—'tis the girl. I tell you, she must die."

Roger: "Friends, pray hear what I say unto you, I beg you. Since boyhood you've known me. Have I

not tried to be obedient, dutiful and save in my love for this girl to do as I was bid? I am scarcely grown to man's estate, yet I can but see that you are narrow and bigoted in your beliefs. Did you not flee from persecution for the sake of the true religion and the right to worship God as deemed you best? Would you enact on others the same horrors you yourselves have suffered? You call this a land of freedom and yet you torture Quakers, burn old women and now you cry down a gentle girl, who never did you harm. For shame! I tell you all, that 'tis my hope to make this girl my wife, and if you bind her to the stake, I will go with her, by her side will stand and when she gives her spirit up to God I'll pray that through the whiteness of that soul mine own may enter Heaven. My life with hers you'll take—if you demand that toll and call it doing the will of the Almighty God."

(Enter Faith.)

Faith: "Oh, where is Agnes Redmond?" (Runs to her and falls at her feet.) "Thou hast saved my child. He lives, he lives. Oh, forgive me for ever doubting thee in my thought."

Patience: "She is a witch."

Faith (rising): "A witch—nay, nay, not so—night after night when weary with her work she hath helped me with the child and given him herbs—many a time have I seen her on some mercy's errand to the poor and the sick. Forget you all so soon? Why, 'twas thou, Thankful, that she nursed through fever's siege—and, Patience, thou must remember all her ministration to thy Mercy when a babe in swaddling clothes. She is not one to let her right hand know what does the left and so the Holy Book commands—I tell you all she is a saint from Heaven."

ALL: "A saint!"

Patience: "Aye, aye, mayhap, she be."

Charity: "Yes, yes, a saint. I had forgot how once when lame and racked with pain, she came and built

a fire within my hut and brought me food and drink. I had forgot."

Roger: "Father, I pray thee, listen to the voice of reason. Think of thine own youth, of thy love for my mother. Neighbors, you have heard what Mistress Faith hath said of the good deeds of this woman. Not one of you but knows some kindness from her gentle hand. Even on the cross Christ, the Master, said of His enemies, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Will you condemn this woman, not your enemy, but your friend? Let us bring to this new, free, beautiful land the gospel of mercy and love. Father, give us your blessing." (Takes Ruby's hand and they kneel.)

Henry Vane (pauses a moment as if struggling with his stubborn pride—then reaches out his hand): "I will bless thee—Father of Goodness and Mercy—Have MERCY on us all." (Curtain.)

POOR WOMAN.

"Pay as you enter" the trolley car door
Is all right for the man with the pockets galore.
But woman, poor woman, is quite in a pickle,
When she has to fish round in her purse for a nickel.
With arms full of bundles and hat on one ear,
She makes an appearance that really is queer
As she bumps round the platform and dives for her
fare.
Glove-buttoner, hair pins, oh everything there
In that purse save the care fare she longs to procure
And she rails at the nuisance, "Please pay at the door."

MAGGIE McCARTHY AND THE BEAUTY PARLOR.

Come in, come in, Biddy Gilhooly, an' you too, Mary O'Sullivan—shure 'tis glad I am to see you this aven-in'. Come in, no wan's home an' we'll have a bit of coffee an' some cake. This is a dead aisy place. 'Tis a month I've hod it, an' the Missus is forever goin' to parties an' theayters. Whin I tinks of how I used to worry wid thim Jones byes an' do sich a pile of wurruk so many places 'tis amazed at mesilf I am knowin' there's places like this waitin' to be took. Come in, come in. Set right doon in the paylor—shure I uses the paylor whin the Missus ain't home. What herself don't know won't be hurtin' her. Just a nice flat an' two payple an' thim away most all day, an' (himsilf to wurruk an' hersilf to play keards an' to gad) on siven dollars a wake. A snap—well I'm askin' mesilf ivery day—how coom it my way? But I don't git no answer. No other girl to bother me an' no washin' an' plain cookin'. No wonder you do be starin' both of ye. 'Tis the millinium I've heard till aboot. I'm thinkin'. Take off your hats an' your coats. Don't be starin' so. Phwat the divil is the matter wid you? Oh now I know. I clane forgot me hair an' me face. Phwat have I bin doin'? Well, now ye'd niver guess—I've been to a Beauty Paylor—See me Syke knot and me foine complexion? Well, now, I'll tell ye all aboot it. Come out to the kitchen wid me while I make the coffee. Well, this is how it was. The Missus is foriver runnin' to have her face massajid an' her nails rubbed up an' her hair dressed an' I was that curus about them Beauty places that I thot I'd die, yit not loikin' to go in 'em feelin' foolish loike.

Well, luck was wid me, for a day or two ago I met Annie Riordan on the strate lookin' so stylish thot I looked twict to make sure 'twas her. We stood talkin' an' finally I says "'tis a lot of sthyle ye're puttin' on these days I'm thinkin'." You know me an' Annie we used to wurruk in the same place wanst. "'Tis me cousin who works at a Beauty Paylor, an' she fixes me up, so foine," says she. "I'm dyin' to go to wan of thim," says I. "Why don't you go to see me cousin, you know me cousin Mamie?" "Shure," says I, "an' it's nixt Thursday when I'm out thot I'll call upon her."

Well I wint today, girls, an' O my! What the wimmen won't do to make 'em beautiful! First I sot for a time waitin', as Mamie was busy, an' I watched the wimmen come in. Some of 'em sot at little glass tables and dipped their fingers in a bowl an' had 'em cleaned an' rubbed, an' poked at 'till it made me narvous to look at 'em. Thin the faces on some of 'em, narvous, wrinkled and homely an' expectin' to be made to look loike swate sixteen. "Is me dooble chin a comin' off," says wan of thim. An', "I think me neck is gittin' ploomper," says another wan to Mamie. "Oh yes," says Mamie, "iver so mooch—" An' 'tis to confission she'll have to go fur thot falsehood, fur the poor crayther's bones was purty nigh comin' through. Well they was all sorts, gray-haired and dark-haired, fot an' thin, gittin' touched up an' rubbed, an' dyed, an' what not in a scramble fur beauty. After a while the place begun to thin out an' Mamie says, "Come on now, Maggie, I'll pretty ye up."

So I sot in a big chair an' she tied a rag aroond the head of me, and another aroond me neck an' thin she let the chair back as though she was goin' to pull me tooth. An' thin she sailed in. She greased me, an' rubbed an' glory be, she rolled a buzz saw over me face. As shure as fate, I thot me last hour had coome. "If you have a grudge agin me, Mamie Rior-

dan, take it out some other way, or let me up, where I can foight back." An' she laughed an' said 'twas all in the Beauty Game. "Beauty Game," says I, "'tis loike wan of thim futball games that I've heard so much about." Thin she tuk away the buzz saw, an' slapped a bilin' hot rag all over me face. I joomped nearly out of me chair. "I'm scalded dead," I hollers, an' thin she pulls me back an' makes me lie there, an' pretty soon she takes off the hot rag an' slaps on wan cold enough to freeze ye. "If I have chills an' favor, an' lose me job, I'll sue you," says I. "Kape still," says she, "you're gittin' a foine complexion." "A foine complexion! If I have a bit of skin lift on me face, I'll say me prayers fur joy whin I gits back home." Thin she rubbed me face again, an' dabbed on some powder an' a bit of paint an' brushed up my eye-lashes an' brows, an' whin I looked in the glass, shure I was all pink an' white, an' looked like a doll. Thin she marcelled me hair an' dressed it up foine.

But I'm tellin' you, Mary O'Sullivan, an' you too, Biddy me darlint, 'tis no more Beauty Paylor fer Maggie McCarthy. I'll comb me own hair and wash me face in the bowl instid of havin' it rubbed off wid a buzz saw. Bedad, I may be a problem, but I ain't a blamed fool. An' now let's have our coffee an' cake, to git out the smill of the coffee before herself gits back home.

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

A Farce in One Act.

Cast of Characters.

Dick Hamilton A College Boy.
Mr. Richard Hamilton His Uncle.
Janet The Landlady's Daughter.

Scene: Interior. Room of College Boy—Pennants—Posters of Ballet Girls—Picture or two—(Piano if desired)—Table with empty Bottle and Glasses—Chafing Dish—Small Bookcase—Easy Chairs, etc. Room littered up (Ruffled Silk Gown and large Hat on chair). A rack containing a number of photographs of young ladies.

(Enter Dick with letter in his hand.)

Dick: "Great Scott! What a roast Uncle has given me. One would think I was the veriest reprobate on earth. Just because a fellow has a few spreads and sows a few wild oats, he has to be called down with this sort of a letter." (Walks about excitedly.)

(A knock at the door.)

Dick: "Come."

(Enter Janet.)

Janet: "A telegram for you Dick. I've just been out in the machine with Billy Brown and I met the messenger at the door."

Dick: "Something else, I suppose." (Takes it—reads) "Am coming immediately to investigate matters! Yes, just as I supposed."

Janet: "What's the matter Dick? You look disconsolate."

Dick: "So would you, Janet, if you had just received a roast like this. Read this letter."

Janet: Reads. "Nephew Dick." (Janet) "Humph! Affectionate old chap, isn't he? (Reads) "The reports that come to me of your conduct are disgraceful. I understand that your associates are ballet girls and creatures of that ilk. That you turn night into day and make of your apartments a resort for gamblers and drunkards. A fine return for my generosity to you." (Janet to Dick) "Why Dick, that's the warmest thing I ever heard."

Dick: "I should say. Anybody would think I was going on a regular toboggan slide down to the Other Place. If I can believe all I hear, Uncle had the reputation of being a very gay old boy in his youth, and isn't above a spree now and then, but at present he has no patience with anybody but a Sunday School teacher. Of course he's been generous to me, but then I don't deserve this sort of a calling down. We do have a little game sometimes and a spread once in a while, but you know Janet you're the only girl that comes to these rooms."

Janet: "Yes I know. By the way Dick, there was more to the letter." (Reads) "Have decided to cut short your college career, and unless you marry Louisa Allen at once, will cut you off without a penny." (Janet to Dick) "This Louisa Allen, is she pretty?"

Dick: "Pretty! She's a chromo."

Janet: "Oh I'm so glad."

Dick: "Glad."

Janet: "Er—er—I didn't mean that—but do you like her?"

Dick: "Like her—I tell you Janet I wouldn't marry her if she were the last girl on earth."

Janet: "Oh Dick I feel so happy."

Dick: "Happy—Why—"

Janet: "Yes—You see I didn't want you to be unhappy, and it must be so dreadful to have to marry people who are chromos and that you don't love."

Dick: "There's only one girl I want to marry, Janet."

Janet: (Aside) "I'm afraid to ask him. (Aloud) May I ask who she is, Dick?"

Dick: "She has a voice like music and her eyes are like stars. She is always dainty and neat and she has a smile for everyone."

Janet: "Oh—what a charming picture you've drawn. I wonder what her name is."

Dick: "Her name is Janet."

Janet: "Oh do you mean me—why I'm only the daughter of your landlady, you know,—and we are very poor—it is not at all wise for you to fall in love with me."

Dick: "You're the girl for me, Janet."

Janet: "Let's see. Last year it was Mabel Jones—the year before Daisy Dean—and the year before that—" as Janet talks, Dick looks at pictures and throws them down, one by one.

Dick: "Come, come don't be cruel. This time I know my own mind."

Janet: "Really and truly? Well I'm very happy—Now if I were only in a story book or in a play Dick, I'd turn out to be the Princess in disguise."

Dick: "I don't want a princess. I want you. A sweet, American girl is better than any princess that ever lived."

Janet: "Oh Dick, that sounds lovely—you talk just like a hero in a novel. But your Uncle says you must marry Louisa Allen."

Dick: "Well, I won't. He can keep his money."

Janet: "Maybe we can persuade him to change his mind."

Dick: "Never. You don't know my Uncle. He's made up his mind I'm a reprobate and that settles it. Nothing ever moves him when his mind is made up."

Janet: "Dear, dear, if we could only think of something. But then your Uncle may come at any minute. And look at this room." (Runs about tidying up the room.)

Dick: "Heavens! Let's turn these posters to the wall." (On the other side are mottos, "There is no place like home," "Be good and you will be happy," etc.) (Turning over a poster—reads aloud) "There is no place like home." (He and Janet laugh merrily.) (Turns over another poster—reads aloud,) "Be good and you will be happy." (Assumes a saintly expression, looks at Janet and they both laugh.) (Dick turns over third poster—the back is blank.) "What shall we do with this?"

Janet: "Why, write one, Dick."

Dick: (Thinks a moment—then writes) "God bless our Uncle" (repeating as he writes).

Dick: (Seeing the bottles) "Wough! Bottles!" (Runs to table and throws them under it, then goes back to couch and straightens up pillows.) "There now, that ought to make a good impression on the old gentleman."

Janet: "I should say so."—"Oh Dick—I have an idea. Here is that red gown you wore in the college play. Well run away and put this on and we will see if we cannot make your Uncle come to terms."

Dick: "But my Uncle loathes private theatricals."

Janet: "Oh! but you are to be Birdie Highflyer of the Boston Kickers Company, just as you were in the play. You come in and make real love to him. He will never know you."

Dick: "Janet, you're a jewel. I'll try it."

(Exit Dick.)

Janet: "And to think that Dick loves me. Well I'd do anything to keep him from marrying that Louisa Allen. When that Uncle of his comes I'll pretend to be the maid. All's fair in love and war they say." (Janet sings—at close of song and dance, she says,)

"Now for my part of the maid." (Takes off hat, veil and auto coat, humming the air of her song as she does so.—Looks about—takes little white bow from her neck and pins upon her hair, then looks about—catches up tidy from chair and puts over her dress for an apron. Then music starts up and she does her dance.

(Enter Mr. Richard Hamilton. Janet is dancing about.)

Uncle Richard (severely): "Young woman, who are you?"

Janet: "Why—I—er—I—I am only the maid, sir."

Uncle Richard: "And is this the way the maids perform in my nephew's room? Just as I thought. This room is a den of iniquity." (Goes about.)

Janet: "Oh, I'm sure you wrong your nephew, sir. He seems like a very well behaved young man. I am sure this is a very proper room, sir. See all his books and his mandolin, and those lovely mottoes on the wall—"

Uncle R.: (Adjusts his glasses—reads) "Um, 'Be good and you will be happy.' Well, that doesn't sound so bad" (reads) "There is no place like home."

Janet: "Now that doesn't sound very wicked, does it, sir? There is one about you sir—see." (Reads) "God bless our Uncle."

Uncle R.: "Humph! Well maybe I've been a little hard on him." (Starts to turn over the posters.)

Janet: "Oh don't turn that over sir—no—er—dusty—on the back. I forgot to dust it this morning, sir."

Uncle R.: (Turns it over displaying the gay poster of an actress in tights) (Angrily) "God Bless our Uncle"—eh—let's see the rest of these choice mottoes (turns them over one by one.) "They're all dusty on the back are they? Proper young man eh? Loves his Uncle so much does he? Would a proper young man have creatures like these in his room? I'll tell you my money will not support such folly and dissipation

(strikes hand on the table scattering deck of cards. Picks up cards). Ah-ha gambling implements—Nice, well-behaved young man, eh? (Foot strikes bottles under the table) What's this, bottles? Wine suppers to those creatures on the wall. Where is my nephew?"

Janet: "Please sir, he went out. I'll see if I can find him. I think he expected you."

(Exit Janet.)

Uncle R.: "Expected me? Evidently. When he tried to hide the traces of his revels. A fine channel for my hard earned dollars. (Walks about excitedly) I've no patience with such nonsense."

(Enter Dick attired in a gay, muchly beruffled costume, hat and blonde wig. Made up like a woman.) (Dick trips up to his Uncle and slaps him on the back.)

Dick: "Dickie, old boy, how are you? I've just come over from the rehearsal at the Pickaboo."

Uncle R.: "Young woman, how dare you?"

Dick: (Leans against his Uncle). "Come old fel—got a grouch, honey? There now, does its head ache Dickie-bird?"

Uncle R.: "This is not your Dickey-bird. I am Richard Hamilton, Esq. Unfortunately an uncle of your Dickey-bird as you call him."

Dick: "Come off, none of your joshing."

Uncle R.: (Explosively) "Young woman, I—I—"

Dick: (Looking at him) "Well it ain't Dickey after all. You don't mean to say you're Dick's uncle—I wouldn't believe you in a thousand years. You look too young."

Uncle R.: "Ahem! Yes er—well I was his father's younger brother, much younger."

Dick: "Well I guess yes. No wonder Dick doesn't say much to us girls about you."

Uncle R.: "Doesn't say much about me eh?"

Dick: "Why no. You'd be a dangerous rival. Why Dick's only a kid and do you suppose the girls would look at him if you were around? Not on your tintype."

Uncle R.: "Well I used to be quite a lad—quite a lad, girlie—er I mean young woman. I don't approve of creatures of your sort."

Dick: "Of course you don't approve of us, but then you like us now don't you?" (Chucks him under the chin) "A man with handsome eyes like yours knows something about flirting, eh?"

Uncle R.: (Chuckling) "Well I used to be quite a lad—"

Dick: "Used to be—come—come—you're just in your prime. You can't fool me tootsey—"

Uncle R.: (Immensely pleased) "She called me tootsey—why—"

Dick: "You're a regular terror with the ladies darling—now ain't you?" (Pokes him in the ribs, giggles and leans against him.)

Uncle R.: (Chuckles and puts his arm around Dick) "You're a very charming girl—Miss—a—"

Dick: "Birdie Highflyer."

Uncle R.: "Birdie—That's a sweet name."

Dick: "And your name darling, is it Dickie, too?"

Uncle R.: "My name is Richard, little girl—"

Dick: "Richard. That is too old and sober—I am going to call you tootsey—Say I've got an awful thirst Tootsey. Let's have some Scotch. I know where it is."

Uncle R.: "Er—er little one—my nephew Dick might come."

Dick: (Aside) "Foxy old duck. All he's afraid of is being caught. Don't you worry, you'll hear Dickie Junior long before he comes. He's a sad dog, Dickie is, and will probably be so drunk he won't know you."

(Dick sits on couch beside his uncle.)

Dick: "Say, your hair curls, don't it? How cute!" (Runs hands through uncle's hair.)

Uncle R.: "Um—do that again."

Dick: (Takes out cigarette case) "Smoke, Tootsey?"

Uncle R.: "No, not now, my Doctor said I must quit."

Dick: Quit! As young as you are. Come, have a smoke, shall we? (Lights cigarette) "Now, I'll take a puff, dearie" (puffs) "Then you take a puff." (Puts cigarette in uncle's mouth) "Then I'll take a puff, then you take a puff. Isn't that nice, Tootsey? (Drops head on Uncle's shoulder) "Ah, those kids may do for some girls, but they are so silly."

Uncle R.: (Smiling foolishly and putting his arm around her) "I see you are a young lady of great judgment, Birdie Darling. Let me hold these dear little hands. Where do you dance? "Didn't you say you were an actress?"

Dick: "You can find me any day by waiting at the stage entrance of the "Peek-a-boo theatre. I do the high kick act."

Uncle R.: "Er—er, little girl would you mind showing me?"

Dick: (Aside) "The old reprobate." (Jumps up and begins to dance.)

Uncle R.: (Keeping time) "Great! Great!"

Dick: "Come on old boy, join me. I bet you could do this."

Uncle R.: (Jumps up and starts to dance and kick—his rheumatism catching him now and then.)

Dick: "Go on—go on, Tootsey, old chap—you can beat the kids all hollow."

(Enter Janet. Stands back of stage laughing, then comes forward.)

Janet: (Coming forward) "Well! This is a nice performance for an old man like you—coming here calling yourself Mr. Dick's uncle and bringing this brazen creature. I'll tell Mr. Dick the minute he comes home."

Uncle R.: "I didn't bring this young person."

Dick: "Young person, indeed! Old mossback."

Uncle R.: (Angrily) "Old mossback—How dare you."

Janet: "You'd better leave the place before Mr. Dick comes."

Dick: "Oh slush Miss Prim. I'm sure I've no wish to stay." (To Uncle R.) "Ta-ta old dovie."
(Exit Dick.)

Janet: "A nice kind of an uncle—you are."

Uncle R.: "But my dear young lady."

Janet: "Don't my dear young lady me."

Uncle R.: "That's one of my nephew's friends—I didn't bring her here."

Janet: "Don't try to hoodwink me. I guess I know Mr. Dick's friends, and a nice quiet-spoken, well behaved lot of young men they are too."

Uncle R.: "That young lady told me she was a friend of my nephew's. I was remonstrating with her on her mode of dancing."

Janet: "Remonstrating—An excellent way to give fatherly advice. Kicking your heels in the air—you ought to be ashamed at your age."

Uncle R.: "At my age—I tell you I'm not so very old."

Janet: "You are old enough. Just wait until Mr. Dick comes."

Uncle R.: "Where are my hat and stick? I must be going. I have an appointment right away."

Janet: "With another actress, I suppose. So you are the uncle who made Dick feel so bad when he received that dreadful letter. A fine guardian you are for a young man."

Uncle R.: "Er—young lady—"

Janet: "My name is Janet."

Uncle R.: (Taking a \$5.00 bill from his pocket) "Janet, don't you like candy?"

Janet: "You cannot bribe me, sir. I am neither a railway president nor a city alderman."

Uncle R.: (Taking out ten more) "You are a very pretty girl, do you know it? Maybe you need a new dress."

Janet: "I have all the clothes I wish, thank you."

Uncle R.: (Taking out ten more) "Or some nice furs. It is going to be a very cold winter, they say."

Janet: "It will be warm enough for you when Mr. Dick finds out what sort of an uncle he has."

Uncle R.: "Come, come, my girl, don't be hard on me. What will you take to keep this little matter from my nephew?"

Janet: "I'll tell you. Poor Dick was heart-broken over your letter. Will you promise not to disinherit him?"

Uncle R.: "Yes, yes. I'll promise."

Janet: "And you will let him marry any one he wants to marry?"

Uncle R.: "Yes, yes, I'll promise anything."

(Enter Dick in propria persona.)

Dick: "Why, hello, Uncle Richard. Awful glad to see you. When did you get here? Hope I haven't kept you long."

Uncle R.: "No, no, I've been looking about. I really er—didn't have time to miss you."

Dick: "Say, Uncle, I was awfully cut up about your letter."

Uncle R.: "Forget it, my dear nephew, forget it. Tell the truth I wasn't feeling well when I wrote that letter."

Dick: "I confess I've been a little wild."

Uncle R.: "Never mind, my dear boy. Why every chap must sow a few wild oats, and Dick, my lad, I've decided to leave you all my money."

Dick: "Oh, Uncle, how generous."

Uncle R.: "Yes, yes, my lad, and I've decided you needn't marry Louisa Allen. Pick your own wife, Dick. That's the only way to be happy."

Dick: (clasping his hand) "Uncle, you are a brick. Well, then if I may pick my own wife there's just one girl for me." (Calls Janet.)

Janet: "Yes, Dick."

Dick: "Uncle, here's the dearest little girl in the world."

Uncle R: "That's the Maid."

Dick: "No, my landlady's daughter."

Uncle R.: (Aside) "The sly minx. I bet she knew he was in love with her." (Aloud) "And a very pretty young miss she is, too. May I kiss my new niece that is to be?" (Kisses her.) "There, now I guess we understand each other."

Janet: "Oh, I am quite sure we all understand one another very well." (Goes to Dick) "And I'll accept your offer, Dick, because you know 'Two Heads are better than one.'"

THE WIDOW FLIGHTLY'S GOOD-BYE CALL.

How are you, dear? Viola and I just ran in a moment to say good-bye to you and Lois before we go. When are we going? Thursday. Isn't it warm today? It makes me long for the country and to get away from the hot, dusty town.

Where are you and Lois going this summer? What's that? You haven't thought of it? May not go away at all? Why, my dear, I've been getting ready for some time. We are going to the seashore—and one has to be rather dressy there, you know. I have twenty new gowns, I think—twenty-four isn't it, Viola love? What did you say? Two a day for two weeks? And then we'll go to another resort? What an absurd child. Why should I do that? So that I won't have to wear the same gown twice at one resort? Now that will do, that sounds impertinent. You are too precocious entirely for a girl of your age. When you are older I hope you will have more sense—never mind about your age. What did you say? Mrs. Maxwell said I kept you in short clothes to make myself look younger? Well, Mrs. Maxwell is a jealous, disagreeable creature. What? Said that you wouldn't have a chance to be a young lady until I was married a second time? I don't want to hear any more—I came to call upon Mrs. Stewart and I don't care to hear Mrs. Maxwell's wretched gossip.

Now, really, my dear Mrs. Stewart, you can't mean what you say—that you may not go away at all? Why, no one ever stays in town in summer but grocers' clerks and people who live in flats. What's that, Viola? We live in a flat? Never let me hear you say that again—we live in an apartment. But, my dear

Mrs. Stewart, surely you are not going to remain in town during the hot weather? Why, I do hope, dear, the talk I've heard isn't true. Oh, never mind what it is, just foolish rumor—why nothing, really. Just that—you won't mind? Well, that Mr. Stewart had lost money in a mining venture. Of course I knew it wasn't true. Why, Viola, child, how can you say that? That I said I thought it was true and I came over to find out? What foolishness—I wish you to stop talking—let older people talk, young persons should listen. What did you say, Mrs. Stewart? One is better off at home—well cooked food and comfortable beds? But, my dear, think how people will talk. Why, they may say you have really lost money. People talk at a summer resort? Sit on the veranda and gossip all day? Be quiet, Viola. Criticise the women's clothes, and wonder if people are somebodies or just pretenders? Where do you get your precocious ideas from? Get angry with the woman who corrals the only man? Why, I never heard such talk in my life. For a girl of sixteen you are entirely too knowing—Heavens, don't let me hear you say that again, Viola. I feel faint. How dare Mrs. Maxwell say that you were twenty? Give me my smelling salts quick. Don't give me a shock like that again—of course I'm not fifty. Really, Viola is getting so rude that the only comfort I have is in Midget. Isn't she a darling little dog, Mrs. Stewart? Look at those pink ears—blessed own sweetness. Mrs. Maxwell said I acted like a fool over the dog? How many times have I told you not to repeat what Mrs. Maxwell says? I don't care if she did say you had no chance when I was around. I believe in keeping a child a child. Well, my dear Mrs. Stewart, we must be going—we'll probably run in before we go away, if we have a chance. I'll write when we are located and let you know what a lovely cool place we have secured.

Do you know, dearie, I am almost inclined to envy

you? Your beds' will be so much more comfortable and your table better. Of course, when it's very hot you will have to stay indoors and the city is wretchedly desolate when everybody who is anybody is out of town. Really, you know, my dear, I imagine it would be quite a novel experience staying in town in summer. And then it isn't as though you were compelled to, because you couldn't afford it. I'm so glad that rumor isn't true. You look a little pale, love, really, you ought to get out into the fresh air. Come, Viola, and Midgy, mamma's little tootsy-wootsy of a doggie. Does it want to go? Good-bye, dear, and you, dear Lois.

I hope it won't be too hot this summer. I'll write—and I'm so glad those rumors aren't true. Come tootsy. Look at the little love, she really knows every word I say, the lamb! Good-bye. Well, now that the door is closed on those people, I'll tell you one thing, Viola. That rumor is perfectly true and I know it. Home, John.

"MAMMY LIZA."

A Play in One Act.

Cast of Characters:

Miss Elizabeth

Little Blanche

Ralph

Mammy Liza

Scene—Out of doors—A summer garden—At the left an old southern home with vine-covered porch—Mammy Liza sits on a garden bench busily engaged in chopping cabbage in a large wooden bowl. Blanche, a little girl, daintily clad in white, sits on the grass at her feet, dressing a large doll.

Mammy Liza (singing at rise of the curtain):

"Come, sinner, come, an' heah yo' doom,
The Devil's gwine to kotch yo'."

Blanche: "What are you making, Mammy Liza?"

Mammy Liza: "Col' slaw, lamb. We's gwine to have it fur supper. Bet yo can't guess what else we's gwine have."

Blanche: "Um—let's see—some—oh—some nice, hot cinmun rolls."

Mammy Liza: "Now, if yo ain't the smartes' chile. How yo' guess dat?"

Blanche (looking up archly): "Cause we have 'em every night, Mammy Liza."

Mammy Liza: "Dat's so, Baby Lamb—My, how much yo' looks like yo' ma—acts jes' like her, too—Do yo' know, honey, it jes' seems like the years had done rolled back and yo' ma was settin' there stid of you—

she was the sweetes', danties' bit of a slip of a gal' jes' like yo' is fer all de worl'—Same name, too, name of Blanche—Yo' know yo' Gran'ma she died and lef' yo' to the care of yo' aunt, Miss 'Lizabeth—Well, Miss 'Lizabeth—she wa'n no more'n fo' years older'n yo' ma but she jes' keered fur her like a mother and when yo' pa married yo' ma Miss 'Lizabeth's heart was mos' busted and then yo' ma died, and Miss 'Lizabeth she's had yo' ever since and yo' pa's been traveling round, so it seems like we was jes' whar we started 'cept Miss "Lizabeth she's older and quieter like—"

Blanche: "Mammy, dear, don't forget the story."

Mammy: "I was jes' a—reministincin'—guess I'm gettin' old—when folks gits old they allus reministinces in the past. Did yo' never hear 'bout how the folks all got white?"

Blanche: "Well, I've most forgot it—tell it again."

Mammy: "Well, all de folkses in dis worl' was black once. Adam he was black and Eve she was black and Abraham he was black and Rachel and Rebecca and Noah and all his folks was black. Well, de Lawd He say to Moses—Ef yo' folks down dere want's to git white, why yo' jes' go to a certain brook and yo' wash and yo'll git white as snow. Well, when Moses done tole de folks dat dey all went runnin' lickety split to de brook and de first ones dat got dar dey plunged in and come out all white—well, de next set dat was come all found de water a little muddey, so when dey wash dey come out pale yellow—and de third lot dey found de water still dirtier and kin' of muddle up and muddy from the tramp of so many feet, so dey was only a kind of a pretty brown when dey come out—well, de last folks dat come dey found de brook so muddled up dat it want more'n a dirty streak of water and dey only had a chance to wash de soles of dere foots and de palms of dere hands, so dat's de reason dat black fokes allus has light palms and soles."*

Blanche (jumping up and throwing her arms around Mammy Liza): "Oh, mammy, I'm so glad you couldn't get washed, because I like you better just as you are."

Mammy: "Jes' hear dat chile. Bless yo' little soul."

(Enter Elizabeth, carrying a basket and a pair of shears.)

Elizabeth: "What—more stories?"

Mammy: "Lord, yes, honey—I done used up mos' all de dictionary today tellin' stories."

Blanche: "Oh, aunty, dear, let me go cut the flowers for the table" (runs to her aunt).

Elizabeth: "You won't snip your fingers?"

Blanche: "Not a tiny snip."

Elizabeth: "Look out for the thorns, dear."

Blanche: "Yes, aunty."

(Exit Blanche, skipping and singing.)

Mammy: "Lord, honey, ain't dat chile de sweetes' thing?"

Elizabeth: "What would I do without her, mammy? Sometimes I'm afraid—"

Mammy: "What yo' afeard of, honey?"

Elizabeth: "I'm afraid of the time when I may have—will have to give her up. Oh, mammy, it seems as though I could never live if she were taken from me." (Goes to mammy and puts her head in her lap.)

Mammy: "There, there, honey, don't yo' git panicky—I've been kin' of panicky myself all day—seemed like somethin' was goin' to happen—kase I heard a blue jay this mornin' when I got up and you know all de blue jays goes to hell every Thursday night and don't git round agin till de next Monday. I say, 'Um-humph, Mr. Blue Jay, yo' ain't round fur no good—it's bad luck.'"

Elizabeth: "Oh, I don't mind about the blue jay, mammy, dear. I'm not superstitious but somehow my heart feels heavy—I don't believe I could bear to lose Blanche. You know how much I loved the other

Blanche and when she married and went away—well. I dare not think of the time—I spent so many, many lonely hours.”

Mammy: “Do you know, honey, dat I used to think dat yo’ and Mars Ralph was in love with each other?”

Elizabeth (rising): “Why, mammy, what made you think that?”

Mammy: “Well, it used to ’pear like yo’ all was kind of thick and fus’ thing I knowed Mars Ralph went away and when he come back Miss Blanche she had growed up and yo’ all didn’t seem so thick—the fus’ thing I knowed Miss Blanche and Mars Ralph was married and went away.”

Elizabeth: “Yes, it was better so—Blanche was such a gentle soul—she loved Ralph with all her heart and her little one is mine now—just like my own.”

Mammy: “Pears kin’ of queer like honey dat you ain’t never married—Dere was several would liked to had yo’.”

Elizabeth: “I shall never marry, mammy dear.”

Mammy: “Well, I dunno, but it’s jes’ as well. Marryin’ ain’t what it’s cracked up to be. Now I’ve had fo’ husbands and dey want none of ’em no ’count—shif’less—whew!—I think de wust one was Abraham Napoleon Bonaparte Washington—lazy!—Lawd—he was too lazy to lif’ his feet. De only reason I married him was ’cause I liked his name—Mrs. Abraham Napoleon Bonaparte Washington—it used to make me feel kin’ of sot up. He used to wait on table when yo’ all was little—’member him? And sure’s fate he’d go to sleep shoo in’ flies and flop de fly bresh in everybody’s face—Well old Marster says to him one day, ‘Here yo’ Abraham yo’ rascal—yo’ go to yo’ cabin and go to sleep and don’t yo’ git up ’till yo’ gets your sleep through’—and Abraham he goes to the cabin and he sleeps three days and three nights, and when he come back yo’ think dat nigger didn’t fall ’sleep jes’ de same as ever ’round de table?”

(Enter Blanche with a basket of flowers—runs to aunt).

Blanche: "Auntie dear, here 'are all the flowers for the tables, and I've picked a lot of daisies to make a daisy crown—Sit down now and I am going to crown you Queen of the Springtime and Mammy I'll crown Queen of the May." (Pulls her aunt down upon the ground).

Mammy' (laughing heartily): "Lord honey—what yo' 'spose I'd look like—Queen of May—I'll bust my sides laughing at dat child—I must go and see 'bout supper—Whoopee! I've been foolin' long enough."

(Exit) (singing).

"Come, sinner, come and heah yo' doom,
De devil's gwine to cotch yo'—
Dey say in hell there's lots of room
Ain't yo' sorry dat he's got yo'?"

Blanche (decorating her aunt): "Oh Auntie dear, how darling you look" (dances about her). "Now you are the Queen and I am your subject (kneels). Oh dear sweet beautiful Queen grant my request."

Elizabeth: "Even to the half of my kingdom, dear heart."

Blanche (rising): "Then don't ever let me go away from you."

Elizabeth (rising): "Why, precious pet, what makes you talk so—of course I won't let you go away." (Embraces Blanche.)

(Enter Ralph—wearing a long travelling ulster and cap and carrying suit case.)

Ralph: "I am sure I have come right into the court of the Queen of May—"

Elizabeth: "Ralph—I did not dream you were anywhere near—when did you return—why did you not write?" (pulls the wreath from her head).

Ralph: "I wanted to surprise you—and Blanche, my darling, don't you know me?"

Blanche (running to him): "Of course I do, papa dearest." (Ralph takes Blanche in his arms.)

Elizabeth: "And how brown you have grown."

Ralph: "Well three years' travel bronzes a man's face—three years is a long time."

Elizabeth (slowly): "Yes, three years is a long time."

Blanche: "Papa dear, it's been so long that I thought you had quite forgotten me."

Ralph (taking off coat and sitting down): "I could never forget my little daughter. I've been travelling in so many lands, and oh I have so much to tell you."

Blanche (sitting in his lap): "And have you seen giants and ogres and fairies?"

Elizabeth (seated in garden chair): "Oh dear me, I can see the effects of mammy's wild tales" (arranges the flowers for the table as she talks).

Ralph: "No, I haven't seen giants and ogres, etc., but I've seen things just as wonderful—queer almond eyed Chinese and Indian jugglers, white elephants, and, oh dear, it would take too long to tell all in a minute."

Blanche: "And papa I have lots to tell you too—I have the darlingest white kitten."

Ralph: "Just like yourself—sweetheart."

Blanche: "And I have five new dolls—(runs and gets her doll). This is my bestest and I call her Elizabeth Ralph Mammy Liza."

Ralph: "Is not that a remarkable name?"

Elizabeth: "Blanche's dolls have most original names."

Blanche: "She is very smart too—she can read and write and count way up to one hundred."

Ralph: "Well, well—a most accomplished dolly—that will be quite a family to begin housekeeping with, for now I am going to settle down and be a regular family man and you and I and the dolls will keep house."

Blanche: "And Aunt Elizabeth."

Ralph: "Ah—but Aunt Elizabeth has been bothered with the care of a little girl long enough and so I am going to take you away."

Elizabeth (rising slowly): "You—are going to take her away?"

Ralph: "Yes, I've been selfish long enough, dear Elizabeth—so I'm going to relieve you of the care of Blanche."

Elizabeth (bitterly): "Relieve me of the care of Blanche—for three years I've been father, mother—all in all to her. My life has been wrapped up in her well-being and you talk of relieving me of her care."

Blanche: "Oh, papa, you don't mean to take me away?" (Jumps from his lap and runs to Elizabeth.) "I never, never will go away from dear auntie. She must come with us."

Ralph (rising): "Elizabeth, you do not understand. Do you suppose that I am such an ungrateful wretch that I do not appreciate to the full all of your tenderness and love for my motherless baby? But I must go away. I cannot live here and you cannot come with us."

Elizabeth: "No, I cannot come with you. All my life has been thus. I have had to give up always that which my heart has most desired. So I must let my darling child go."

Ralph: "Elizabeth, I did not know you would feel so. I will go away again."

Blanche: "No, no, papa dear, you must stay here, or auntie must go with us. I want you both."

(Enter Mammy Liza, humming) "Come, sinner, come and hear your doom"—(pauses—seeing Ralph). "Fo' de Lawd's sake, ef dar ain't Marse Ralph. Why, honey, de sight of yo' am good fo' sore eyes, and how brown yo' is. I 'spect what yo' don't know 'bout gografy since yo' ben travelin' 'round so much, ain't worth tellin', am it?"

(Exit Elizabeth followed by Blanche.)

Ralph: "Well, I don't know, Mammy, I've seen a good deal."

Mammy Liza: "An' now you're gwine to settle down once mo', ain't yo', honey?"

Ralph: "Why, yes, Mammy, I came for Blanche."

Mammy Liza (in amazement): "Yo' come fo' Blanche?"

Ralph: "Yes, I feel that I've taxed Miss Elizabeth's kindness too long."

Mammy Liza: "Why, Marse Ralph, yo' certainly dun got yo' brain twisted buzzin' 'round dis globe. Don' yo' know it would bust Miss Lizabeth's heart ef yo' took away dat chile?"

Ralph: "Well, what am I to do, Mammy? I can't stay here."

Mammy Liza: "Why can't yo' stay heah, Marse Ralph, I'de like to know?"

Ralph: "This is Miss Elizabeth's home, and, well, there are many reasons, Mammy."

Mammy Liza: "Look heah, boy, I've knowed yo' a long time, why, I used to spank yo' when yo' Ma warn't feelin' well. Now I'm gwine to tell yo' somethin'. Yo' ain't got no right to bust Miss Lizabeth's heart twice."

Ralph: "Twice? I don't understand, Mammy."

Mammy Liza: "Dis yere travelin' do sur' have a bad effect. 'Member a little story I used to tell yo' when yo' was a boy about Bre'r Mole and how he went a travelin' and a travelin's in search of a wife and all the time there was a neat, little mole waitin' fer him at home but he couldn't see her becuse he was too blind?"

(Enter Elizabeth.)

Elizabeth: "Mammy Liza, I think we ought to have an early supper. Ralph must be very tired."

Mammy Liza: "Yes, yes, honey, it's most ready. I dun forgot everything when I saw Marse Ralph."

(Exits singing)

"Oh, Lawd, please open my blind eyes and help me
fer to see,
Dar's lots of good, redeemin' grace awaitin' round
fer me."

Ralph: "Elizabeth, I wonder if I've been blind?"

Elizabeth: "Blind! I don't understand."

Ralph: "Elizabeth, years ago I believed that you
were to be my wife, then we quarreled and I went
away. When I came again, the other Blanche had
grown to womanhood and you had become indifferent,
—you held me aloof. We drifted apart and then
Blanche and I were married and when Blanche died
I brought our little one to you. Away down in my
heart I think I have always cared."

Elizabeth: "You cannot mean—"

Ralph: "I mean I've always cared for the woman
to whom my first vows were pledged."

Elizabeth: "Blanche loved you and I thought you
no longer cared for me and so I hid my heart from
you."

Ralph: "Elizabeth, do you mean that it was be-
cause of the other Blanche?"

Elizabeth: "Yes. I dared not break her heart."

Ralph: "And you have always cared?"

Elizabeth: "Always."

Ralph (putting out his hands): "And you will come
with us—with little Blanche and me?"

Elizabeth: "Yes."

(Mammy Liza opens door of the cottage and calls)
"Supper."

(Ralph and Elizabeth are standing absorbed in one
another and do not heed her.)

Mammy Liza: "Humph—'pears to me from the
signs I see dat Marse Ralph dun got his second sight
and dat Miss Lizabeth dun changed her opinion and
ain't gwine to take my advice 'bout marryin'."

(Curtain.)

"THE BRIDE AND THE HOMEMAKER."

Of course, I don't say, Bernice, dearie, that I know everything about servants after being married a year, but really, dear, I've had enough experience, in twelve months, of the awful servant question to fill a good-sized book. You know Rob and I came back from our honey-moon all enthusiastic about housekeeping. Help yourself to chocolates, honey, and curl up on that sofa. It's so jolly to see you again, that it quite livens one up and seriously, Bernice, I've been worn to a frazzle over maids.

Well, as I said before, we came to our little flat and it was so much fun arranging our lovely gifts that life seemed a joy until Huldah came. Huldah was a raw, green product just over. I determined to take a green girl and teach her my ways. You know I went to cooking school and I thought I would bring up a girl in the way she should go.

Huldah couldn't understand a word of English and I thought it would be such fun to teach her. Oh Heavens! Such a time as I had! I said the same words over and over until I began to converse like a Pre-Adamite in words of one syllable, or like a Robinson Crusoe Book for Children. Did you ever try to teach a green girl to talk,—United States (Rob calls it)? Well, don't, dearie, if you wish to retain your own mental poise. On Huldah's first wash day, I went down into the laundry, thinking it would be a good time for an English lesson, a practical demonstration, just as they do in school.

"Wash, Huldah," said I, making the motion of washing and repeating the action several times—"Wash"—"Wash." She kept nodding her head in

time to my motions—"Jes"—"Jes"—until I thought she thoroughly understood.

"Iron"—"Iron, Huldah," I said again, taking the next step to teach the two together, and making the motions as if ironing. "Iron"—"Iron."

This seemed a little harder, but finally a ray of intelligence came into the blank face. A smile began to creep round her mouth and finally lit up her whole face—Rob said her mouth was a good share of her face anyhow. She nodded like a Chinese Mandarin—"Jes, Jes, Jes," she said over and over. I went upstairs quite elated at my success.

That night Huldah's cousin, of whom she was very proud, came over. Huldah's cousin had been in this country about six years and was a prodigy of learning in Huldah's eyes. For a long time I heard them jabbering excitedly in Swedish. Then I went into the kitchen to give instructions for breakfast. "Oh, Mis' Curtees," said Huldah's cousin, "Huldah say you tell her sometings today."

"Yes," I answered, quite pleased with myself, "Huldah is going to learn fast, I think."

"Jes," went on Huldah's cousin, "Huldah say you talk much—you so kind, an' not proud. She say you tell her today you used to vork in a laundry vunce."

Imagine how I felt, Bernice. All my efforts for nothing. And then she told it to the Swede girl down stairs and pretty soon it was repeated all over the building that I used to be a laundress. Wasn't that the limit?

Pass those chocolates, piggie-wee, don't eat them all. I need a bracer. Well, my next acquisition was an Irish girl. I stopped giving English lessons, but I didn't better myself. I must confess, Bernice, I stood a little bit in awe of her. She was idle, untidy and the most domineering thing! When I told how I wanted things cooked, what do you think she said? "Well, bedad! If ye know so much about cookin' why don't

ye do it yerself?" And when I'd tell her how to sweep and dust or make a bed, she'd say, with a toss of her head, "I don't see as how my way ain't as good as your'n."

At last I couldn't stand it any longer and so I went into the kitchen to dismiss her.

"Mary Ann," I said, very gently, "I think it will be better for me to get another girl."

"God knows," said she in her loud way, "that's phwat I've been thinkin' mesilf fur some time. I'm glad ye've coom to your sinses. There sure wurruk enough fur two of us."

What could I do, Bernice? I went away without saying another word. When Rob came home I told him all about it and he said, "The idea of letting a girl walk all over you—I'll dismiss her myself," and he stalked into the kitchen. I don't know exactly what happened, Bernice, but presently I heard loud voices and Rob came through the swinging door—well, I won't say he was running but he hurried a little and Mary Ann was after him, a dish towel in her hand and her eyes flashing till they looked like sparks of fire.

"Is it firin' me ye're tryin', ye measly little shrimp," she cried, to Rob, too, Bernice, and you know he's so handsome all the girls were crazy about him before I got him. Of course he isn't very big, but then he's awfully strong, you know.

Well, she went on: "Fire me, will ye? Why even a really truly mon couldn't fire me, much liss you, ye little tadpole."

I thought, Bernice, that Rob showed he was a perfect gentleman, when he restrained himself and didn't answer her back. He has an awfully strong character, Rob has.

Well, she glared at both of us. "Ye ain't firin' me, I'm givin' ye two little fools notice. Out I goes to-morrow, wid me full wake's pay."

And do you know, my dear, manly Rob gave it to her without a word in order to save me from any further talk. Wasn't it lovely of him? He's always so thoughtful.

Bernice, I was so disgusted with girls after that, I did my own work for a day or two until Rob said I'd spoil "these dear, little hands." Maybe that sounds silly to you, Bernice, but it didn't to me, really. Then I heard that girls from Finland were good, but scarce, so I 'phoned the intelligence office for a Finnish girl. I wish you could have seen the specimen they sent me. I should think they were scarce—and Rob says it's lucky they are. Her face was as expressionless as a rag doll's.

"Can you cook?" I asked.

"No," she replied, laconically.

"Wash?" "No." "Iron?" "No." "Sweep, dust, do general house-work?" "No."

"Well, why in the world did they send you? What in creation can you do?" I asked in desperation.

Bernice, darling, what do you think she said?

"I can milk a goat."

Of all things! Milk a goat! One would think we lived on the side of a Swiss mountain and herded goats for a living.

Have another chocolate, dear. Don't you want more pillows at your back? Comfy, are you?

Well, then, Bernice, I tried a lady of color who went home every night and came back when she pleased. "Shuah's de sun sets in de heavens, honey, I'se gwine to be heah tomorrow," and when she appeared after the second day, she would say, "Why, baby, my ole man was so sick we done thought he'd croak, an' I couldn't leave him, nohow. Yo' know yo' loves yo' husban', honey, an' it's right—he's sech a gran', fine man. An' you're pretty nuff to eat, chile. You'd look after yo' husban', honey, an' I has to look after my ole man. I does fo' sho."

She stole so many things that Rob said her house must look more familiar and home-like than ours.

What are we doing now? Oh, eating at the cafe next door and bracing ourselves for the incoming of the next homemaker.

THE QUARREL.

I didn't, no I didn't!
At's des an orful fib,
For you to go a sayin'
At I jabbed you in de rib.

I tan prove it all by Lucy,
For she tood yight by my side.
You des tended to be hurted,
When you hollered out an' cried.

I didn't! didn't! didn't!!
An' I wisht you'd let me be.
Well, anyways den ef I did,
You did worser 'n at to me.

A COLONIAL DREAM.

Scene.—Interior.—Large 'frame for picture, within which stands a young girl in Colonial costume. Screen in front of frame.

Cast of Characters:

Lionel Wellman.'	Nancy White.
Penelope Prim.	Sally Wister.
Peggy Shippen.	Becky Brown.
Anne Wharton.	Constance Cary.

Mistress Suzanna Love.

Enter Lionel Wellman in Colonial costume.

Lionel (mincing about): "Well, here I am, togged out in this array for Mrs. Moneybags' Colonial Ball. Really, I feel rather foolish in ruffles and satin, although the chaps of those days were by no means effeminate. Sturdy boys, they were, who freed this land of ours, Washington, Adams and all the bunch. Pardon me, Colonial gentlemen, for using a modern 'slang phrase in connection with your honored names. Courtly old boys they were in those days. I wonder if the dress did not have something to do with it? Put on a sweater and a fellow feels like tennis, or golf; don evening clothes and one assumes society airs immediately, while this Colonial dress makes a chap feel like bowing and scraping with old time courtly dignity. Let's see, we are to dance tonight." (Hums—La-la-la to Mozart's minuet, dancing a few steps and bowing to the measure—pauses.) "Ah! If I only had my charming little picture girl as a vis-a-vis—" (Goes to screen and takes it away.) "There you are,

my little lady, as dainty as ever. Now if I could find a girl like you, they would never accuse me of being heart free. I think that's the reason these up-to-date girls don't suit me. I have your sweet image enshrined within my heart." (Sits and looks at picture.) "There you are, just as you looked when my great, great uncle fell in love with you during the Revolutionary days. You must have been a sad flirt, Penelope, dear, for that was your name, 'Penelope Prim,' though you certainly don't look 'prim,' sweetheart. They said you threw my uncle over in that auld lang syne and it broke his heart, for he never married. You didn't know, did you, that he painted this picture of you from memory and left it to my grandfather. Well, I don't blame him for the broken heart; I think you've bewitched me, little girl. The up-to-date lassies don't stand much show—I always come back to the face and the rose and the sweet slim form in the frame, and somehow the others don't satisfy me—Hark! (Song heard outside—(Song)—'Maybe, I was meant for you, dear.'* (Goes to window.) (At close of song)—"Yes, maybe I was meant for you, dear, oh, what a pity I didn't live in the eighteenth century, or that you are not a girl of today. No, I don't mean that, for then you wouldn't really be you." (Rises.) "What nonsense! I said the clothes had an effect on a fellow—here I am romancing and forgetting all about the ball. Let's see, what time it is—" (Looks at his watch, which lays on the table.) "Oh! I've plenty of time, believe I'll take a nap. It will be the wee sma' hours of the morning before I get home again." (Drops down on couch and falls asleep.)

(One verse of the song sung outside.)

(Maid in the picture comes slowly to life and steps from the frame.)

*Song composed by Gillman M. Parker.

Penelope: "Dear! dear! How strange I feel. I must have been asleep. Yes, yes, I remember; I sat in this big chair, pouting and lonely because this horrid war takes all the men away and leaves us only girls—no parties—balls—and only girls! Dearie me! dearie me! I am so weary of petticoats, Mistress Suzanna says I am not patriotic. Of course I want to be free and our country needs the men, but oh, I am so tired of this house, full of girls, and I know they are tired of me. Oh, for the sight of a dear uniform with a man in it! I believe—I wouldn't dare to whisper it—that I could flirt with a British officer! What treason! While the dear men are away fighting the women ought to be at home weeping and praying, but then one can't weep all the time, and I suppose it's sacrilegious, but I've prayed every prayer in the prayer-book over and over again. Mistress Suzanna says I'm a sad flirt, but then—Mistress Suzanna is old and she really would accept any man that asked her to marry him, but I haven't found the right one. Heigho!" (Rises.) "Well, I must be patient until all of the weighty questions have been settled, I suppose." (Walks to couch—pauses and gazes at Lionel.) "Why! what is this? It is—yes—it is a man—I'm afraid I'm still asleep." (Touches Lionel gently.) "Oh, sir, are you really a man?" (Lionel awakens and sits up.) "Great Scott! It's late—I must go. (Sees Penelope.) "Pardon me, Madame." (Stops.) "Penelope!"

Pen. (curtseying): "'Tis I, good Sir, and pray how did you know my name?"

Lionel: "Your name! Why, I've known it always, I think—but you—you belong in the frame or I must be dreaming. But I hope I won't wake up."

Pen.: "You, Sir,—How did you reach Mountview—By the village coach or did you come on horseback? And are you not the new tutor? I'll call the girls."

Lionel: "No, no, don't call the girls—That is—not

yet." (Aside.) I wonder what I ate for dinner and what DID I drink. Claret never affected me before. The dream's all right, though." (To Pen.) "Wait a minute, until I dismiss the chauffeur, I hired the machine, you know, and they will run up the bill on me. I don't care about going to Mrs. Moneybags' ball anyhow."

Pen.: "Oh, don't go—Good Sir—I'll call the maid and she'll dismiss the coach."

Lionel: "No, no, not the coach—the 'auto'—the machine—you know."

Pen. (looking mystified): "'Auto'—machine—Good Sir, I do not understand."

Lionel: "Why the big motor car, you know—the touring car—gasoline—that makes the noise—chew! chew! honk! honk!" Perhaps you don't happen to own one."

Pen.: "Poor man." (Taps her forehead.) "He's not quite right—but he's very sweet and then he is a man."

Lionel: "Well, never mind—the car. Let the man wait and if I go, you might disappear and I might wake up. By the way, what did you ask me just now—if I were the new tutor—your tutor, you mean?"

Pen.: "Yes—you see this is a school for young ladies, kept by Mistress Suzanna Love, wherein we learn to dance, play on the spinnet, speak French—Italian—in fact, are finished quite when we are through, and ready to take up the 'serious' side of life, as Miss Suzanna says."

Lionel: "And I'm to be your teacher?" (Aside.) "Oh, joy."

Pen. (curtseying): "Yes, gentle Sir. You see this house is in a lonely and deserted spot and as the men have gone to war, Mistress Suzanna felt that a man would be a protection, although in former times to have introduced a man into our midst would have set

her curls to bobbing with horror at the thought: but you, Good Sir, you look quite harmless."

Lionel: "Harmless! You are complimentary."

Pen.: "Of a truth, Sir—surely you would not harm a helpless maid like me?" (Goes up to him.)

Lionel: "Harm you! You darling—" (puts his arm about her).

Pen.: "Sir!"

Lionel (with a bow): "I beg ten thousand pardons, Mademoiselle, but I couldn't help it, you know, you are so charming, so irresistible, and I've loved you so long."

Pen. (drawing closer): "Would you mind, gentle Sir, repeating the last words—I did not catch them quite."

Lionel: "I said that you were charming and—and that I had loved you so long."

Pen.: "It is a really, truly man and I'm not dreaming!"

Lionel: "Well, I think I am, but it's all right. I don't want to wake up. By the way—when do the lessons begin? Let's see, can you conjugate Love?"

Pen.: "Is it very difficult, gentle Sir?"

Lionel: "Oh, no—not always. That depends, you know. I think I can teach you very quickly. First take the positions." (Goes to her side.) "Then say, 'I love.'"

Pen: "I love."

Lionel: "Darling—"

Pen.: "Darling—"

Lionel: "Well, that isn't in the conjugation, but it is a very excellent addition." "Thou lovest—"

Pen: "Thou lovest."

Lionel: "He loves." (Aside.) "He does all right."

Pen.: "He loves."

Lionel: "We love—(Oh! if we only did.)"

Pen.: "We love—(Oh! if we only did.)"

Lionel: "You love—"

Pen.: "You love—"

Lionel (dropping on one knee and taking her hand):
"They love—"

Pen.: "They love— "I think this is a lovely lesson."

(Enter Mistress Suzanna, gives a shriek.)

Mistress S.: "What do mine eyes behold? A man?"

Pen. (curtesying): "Please, dear Mistress Suzanna, 'tis the new tutor and he was giving me a lesson."

Miss. S. "The new tutor? Alas! Have I introduced a viper into my household?"

Lionel: "Now. I am a VIPER—Behold, it biteth like a serpent." "Now I know I didn't have but one glass of claret. I wonder what I ate? Well, I'm in for it." (Bows to Mistress Suzanna.) "Madame, I am not a viper—I am the new tutor, I believe. I don't know what I am to tute—pardon me, I mean teach, but I'm ready to do the best I can and I'll protect you while this cruel war rages in the country around." (Aside.) "There, I guess I said that all right. Penelope said there was a war."

Miss. S.: "Mistress Penelope, you may leave the room."

Lionel: "Hold on—I mean, wait Madame— I haven't finished the lesson."

Miss. S.: "The lesson was quite finished." Leave the room, Mistress Penelope, and bid the young ladies come to me."

Pen.: (curtsies and leaves the room.)

Lionel: "And I'm to be left alone with THAT. I wonder if I severed an artery if I would come to."

Miss. S.: "And so, Sir you have arrived."

Lionel: "Why, yes—I think I'm here."

Miss S.: "And you are a man."

Lionel: "That seems to be the general opinion,"

Miss. S.: "Sir, I throw myself and my young ladies

upon your manly protection." (Goes to him and leans against him.)

Lionel: "This tutoring business has its drawbacks."

Miss. S. (weeping): "We are only weak women and must be protected."

Lionel: ("Great Scott! She's turned on the artesian well.") "Madame, these are tears, idle tears. I used to play half-back on our college team, and I guess you can all lean on me all right. How many are there?"

Miss. S.: "You have taken a load from my mind. In these troublous times one never knows what might happen. At any moment these hated British may invade these sacred premises, wherein dwell modesty, virtue and frailty, guised in the form of these innocent girls entrusted to my care. Washington and his brave men are far away, but I feel safe with you near by." (Leans against him again.)

Lionel (aside): "I wish 'Suzanna' were not quite so confiding."

Miss S.: "Oh, how safe I feel."

Lionel: "Yes, you are perfectly safe—but perhaps it would be better for me to become acquainted with the pupils."

(Enter young ladies, in Colonial costume, all talking at once.)

Lionel (aside): "Oh, girls, you've saved my life."

Miss. S. (Who hastily left Lionel at the entrance of the girls): "Young ladies, decorum—decorum—I wish to introduce the new tutor—Your name?"

Lionel (bowing in Colonial fashion): "Mr. Lionel Wellman, at your service, Madam." (The girls whisper and gaze admiringly at Lionel.)

Miss. S.: "Mr. Lionel Wellman, young ladies." (All pass before him curtsying.)

Lionel. "Well, this tutoring business is looking up."

Miss. S.: "Young ladies. I must leave you for a short time."

Lionel (aside): "How sorry I am!"

Miss S.: "Mr. Lionel Wellman, you may give the young ladies a lesson in French—you speak French, of course.

Lionel: "Certainly." (To audience.) ("Don't know a word of it.")

Miss S.: "I prefer that you do not instruct them in English grammar."

(Exit Miss. S.)

(Girls all begin to talk and giggle.)

Peggy: "Isn't he charming?"

Anne: "Oh, to see a man once more! What joy"

Nancy: "Let's begin the lessons at once."

Becky: "Is he French?" (Curtseying to Lionel.)
"Monsieur Lionel Wellman, notre maitre Francais, que faut-il faire pour prendre le Francais? Faut il etudier beaucoup—beaucoup Monsieur?"

Lionel: "Gee! What am I up against?"

Becky: "Combien de temps y-at-il que vous etes ici?"

Lionel: "Oui, oui."

Becky: "Vous etes grand—vous etes joli."

Lionel: "Oui—oui—tres beans."

Becky: "Vous etes magnifique. Vous etes un homme si brave—Si adorable, Monsieur."

Lionel (looking mystified and growing nervous):
"Why, yes, of course—I agree with you perfectly."
(Aside): "I wonder what in the name of common sense she said?"

Becky (to the girls): "I don't believe he understood a word, but don't tell Mistress Suzanna or she might send him away."

Constance: "Well, we don't want a French lesson, anyhow."

Lionel: "That girl is a jewel. French lessons are very wearing on the nerves, young ladies. You look

very pale—I think you need some exercise. What do you say to a dance?"

All: "Yes, yes, a dance."

Lionel (aside): "How lucky I learned the minuet for Mrs. Moneybags' Colonial Ball!"

Penelope: "Gentle Sir, will you dance the minuet?"

Lienel: "With pleasure. May I have you as my vis-a-vis?"

(Music. Minuet is danced.)

(At close of minuet enter Miss Suzanna.)

Miss S.: "Young ladies!! (all pause) "I am amazed at such frivolity. Our country is in the midst of war and men are dying all about us. I did not engage Mr. Lionel Wellman to amuse you in this manner. Mr. Lionel Wellman, did you not say that you were a tutor?"

Lionel: "Yes, Madame, I am a teacher of physical culture. We were just having a lesson,"

Miss S.: "Mr. Lionel Wellman, you are a base impostor."

Lionel: "Well, I'm quite aware of that fact; Madame, but I wanted to be agreeable and every one seemed to insist that I was the new tutor, so I agreed. I never contradict the ladies, you know."

Miss S. (pointing her finger tragically at him): "Mr. Lionel Wellman—Listen—You are a British spy."

(The girls shriek and cling together.)

Peggy: "A British spy——"

Sally: "We shall all of us be murdered."

Nancy: "And he looks so innocent."

Anne: "Dear me! Dear me!"

Lionel: "Madame, I never was in London in my life."

Miss S.: "Sir, do not attempt subterfuge. It will be of no avail. This dispatch was sent me by Washington, saying that a British spy had been traced to the confines of Mountview. Even now the troops are on the way to effect your capture. I am but a weak

woman, but you will only leave this room over my dead body."

Lionel (aside): "Well, there are always compensations. That might help some."

Miss S. "Young ladies, guard the doors."

(The girls go to the doors.)

Lionel: "This dream is taking the form of a nightmare. I'm liable to be hung before I wake up." "Madame, did this dispatch come by the Western Union or the Postal Telegraph?"

Miss S.: ("He talks in riddles to gain time. He is a dangerous character.") "This dispatch came by a trusty messenger with foam-flecked horse and dust-begrimmed coat."

Lionel (eagerly): "It wasn't Paul Revere, was it? Because Paul and I are old friends. He might use his influence in my behalf. Why, I used to have Paul's picture in my reader at school."

Miss S.: "This attempted show of insanity will not aid you, sir—I will bind your arms with this rope. If you resist or attempt to escape, these maidens and I will rush out and scream down the highway until we reach the on-coming troops."

Lionel (aside): "Well, I'm in a bad fix, but I'd like to have a kodak of Suzanna screaming down the highway."

Pen.: "This is an outrage. I do not believe a gentleman so kind and well spoken withal is a spy."

Lionel: "Thank you, dear Penelope, for your sweet faith in me."

Miss S.: "Dear Penelope! How dare you address this young lady in this manner—and you, you saucy chit, leave the room; your father shall hear of this."

Pen.: "I will not obey you, Madame. I insist you have no right to bind this sweet gentleman. He is no traitor to our country, I am sure."

Lionel: "Thanks, dear Penelope, but I pray you,

do as Mistress Suzanna bids you. Do not incur her displeasure on my account."

(Exit Penelope.)

Lionel: "Madame, I never resist the ladies, come bind me if you so desire."

(Mistress Suzanna binds his arms and he sits in a chair.)

Miss S.: "Young ladies, you may go. Such sights are not for your young eyes."

(Exit girls.)

Lionel: "I wish Suzanna were afraid of her own eyesight."

(The girls peep in at the doorway. Miss Suzanna sees them and hurries first to one door, then to the other. The girls disappear.)

Miss S.: (runs to door and looks about—draws chair close to Lionel.) "Oh, sweet sir, pardon my harshness before the young ladies, but 'twas my duty to my country. Sweet Sir, though you may be a spy I pity you. Alas! I am only a frail woman." (Lays her head on his shoulder.)

Lionel: "I am quite willing to die now for my country—the troops cannot come too soon to suit me."

(Girls come to door and see Mistress Suzanna, whisper and point to her and to Lionel.)

(Enter Anne.)

Anne: "Mistress Suzanna, the troops are coming."

(Miss S. jumps up.)

Miss S.: "Yes, yes, I'll come in a moment."

(Exit Anne.)

Miss S.: "Darling, I will do what I can for you."

Lionel: "Pray don't hurry back on my account."

(Exit Mistress Suzanna.)

(Enter girls in twos.)

Nancy and Becky: "Good sir, we're very sorry."

(Curtseying and then exit.)

Peggy and Sally: (Come to Lionel, curtesy and sigh audibly.) (Exit.)

Constance and Anne: (Curtsey and weep aloud.)
(Exit.)

Lionel: "Well, I seem to have a few friends left. I hope they'll put up a nice tombstone."

(Enter Penelope. Slips up to Lionel and cuts the rope.)

Penelope: "Now, gentle Sir, you are free—come, I will show you a way of escape, but don't forget little Pen. when you are away."

Lionel: "Forget you, sweetheart! I'll never go away."

Pen.: "Yes, yes, you **MUST** go."

Lionel: "But not until you've told me the one thing I want to hear. You are mine, little girl—"

Pen.: "I am yours."

Lionel: "For all time?"

Pen.: "For all time."

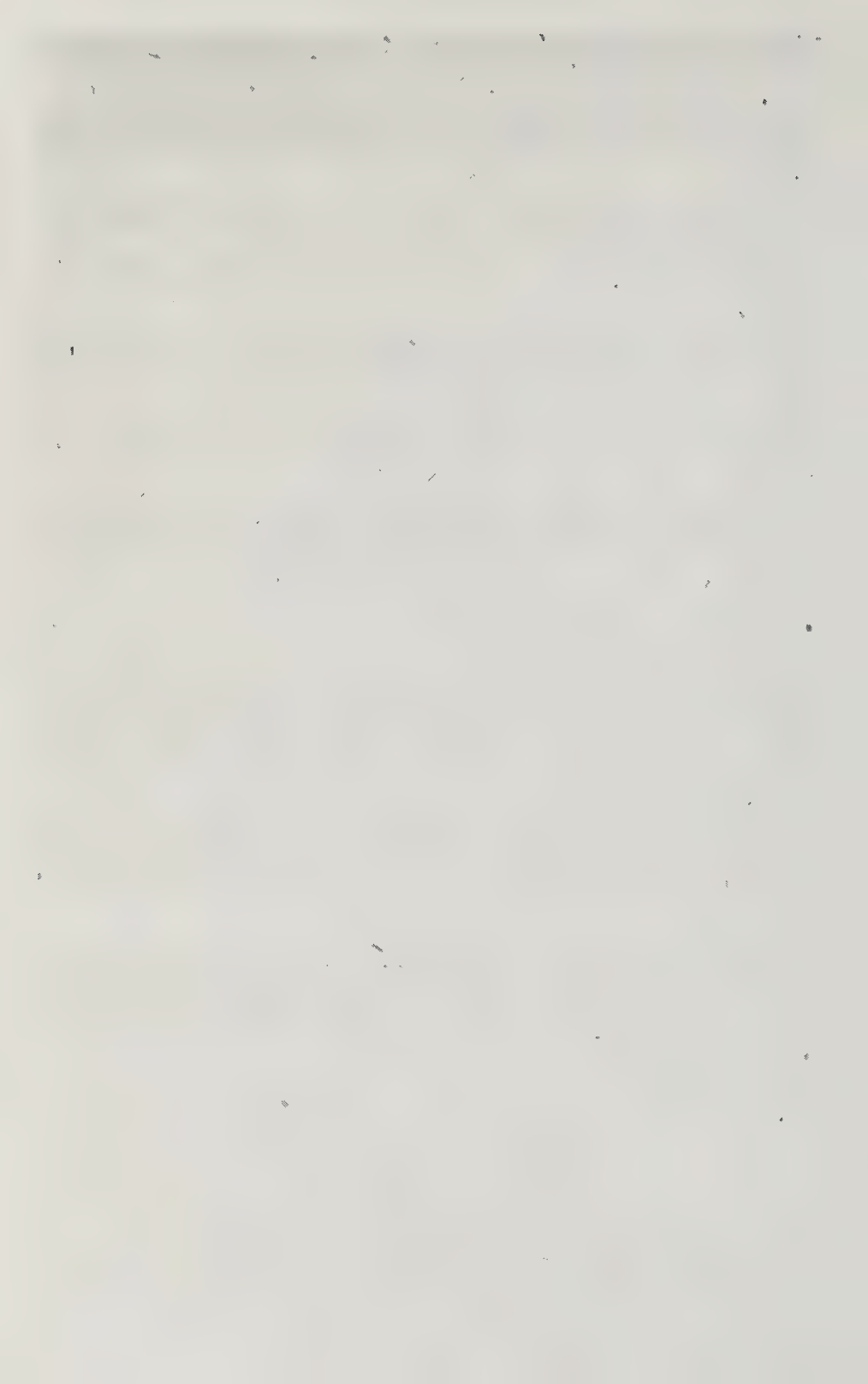
(As they talk Pen. goes slowly to the frame and Lionel goes back slowly toward the couch—drops down, falls asleep. Song is sung outside. Lionel awakens—calls):

"Penelope, Penelope, where am I? Oh, yes, I fell asleep; it must be late. Great heavens, what a dream I had, or was it a dream? The sweet little girl, surely she was real."

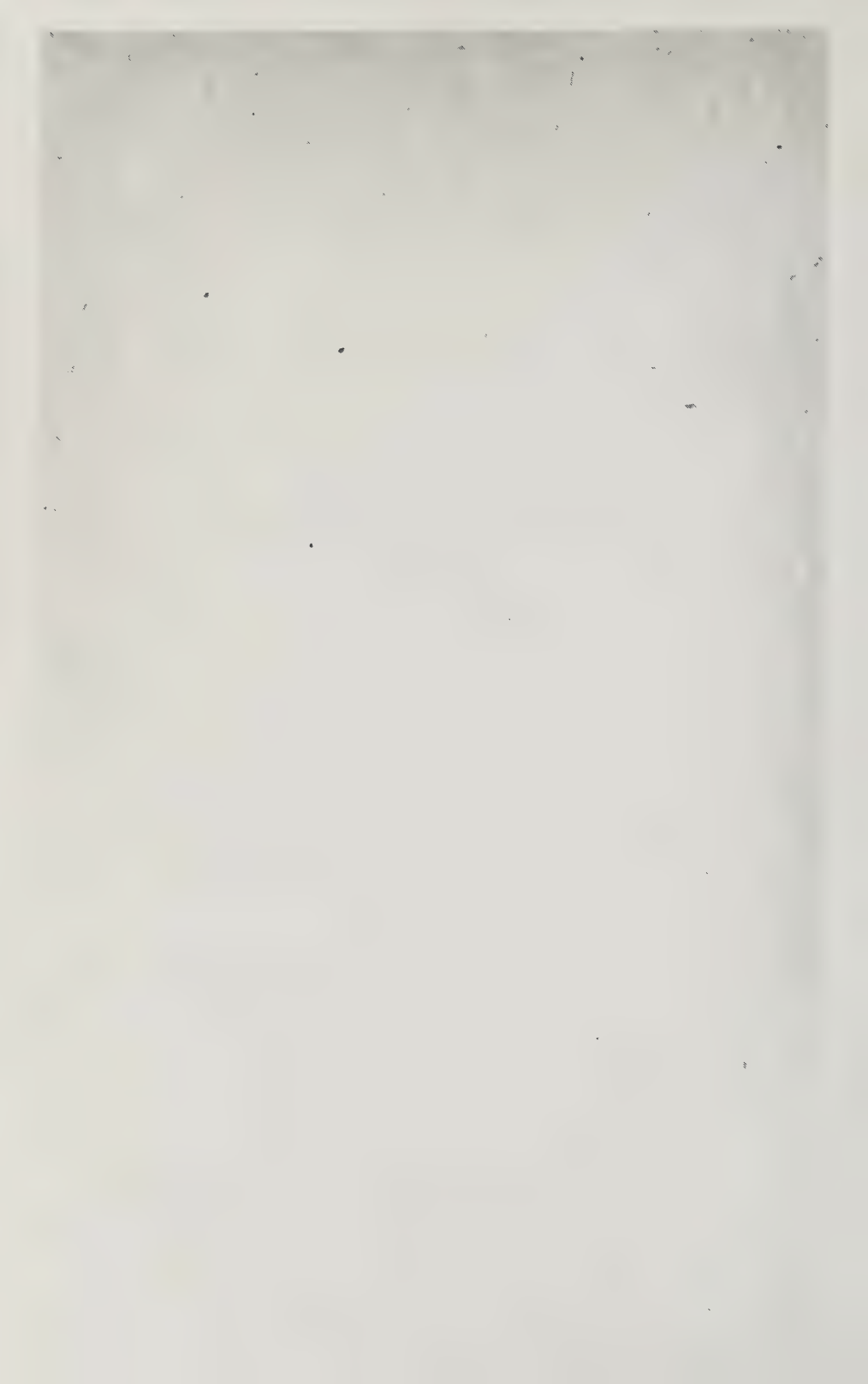
(Chorus of song outside.)

"Ah, Pen. dear," (rises and goes to the picture, dropping on one knee). "You're only a picture, but you've stolen my heart."

(Curtain.)







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